


THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

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Asides

A sorry contrast in peoples and in times may be seen in reading two of this month's articles, "Paradise in Paraguay," the account of a spiritual-social structure in a by-gone day, and "Six Years Afterwards," the story of tragic Hungary today.

"A Marian Year Pilgrimage," our pictorial feature this month, is presented in tribute not only to the New York Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies, but to all the Diocesan and Archdiocesan Holy Name Unions which this year did such good work in honoring the Blessed Mother of God through Holy Name sponsored pilgrimages, rallies and demonstrations of faith. Holy Name men all over the country labored long hours in preparing and managing Marian Year events. May the Blessed Mother reward their every effort.

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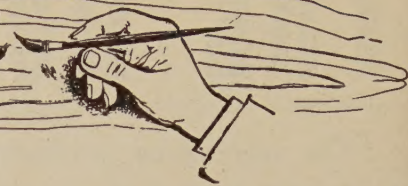
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Editorial Page



Celebrity Fare

To get a message across, to broadcast public interest slogans or drives, we Americans seem to think the services of a "big name" are required. This procedure works, it has been found, but there is in it a serious source of trouble. A country which resorts to the entertainment world and the world of popular sports figures and other celebrities to give appeal or weight or substance to a project runs a serious risk. Unfortunately the practice has become so habitual by now that we could be in danger of developing a whole great segment of population which, from being exposed to nothing but "celebrity fare," will learn little that does not come from a name, a celebrity. What a tragedy, what a frightening prospect, to find adult American citizens attending only to the celebrity.

One of these celebrated personalities, one from the very pinnacle of the fashion world, illustrates what we mean. Not content with her own sphere of activity, she has brought forth a book of memoirs and, as is generally the case, many thousands will curiously pour over the volume and be in some measure influenced by its notions and disclosures. Alas for the poor souls who might possibly hero-worship this "name." Coming right down to the point of living and what living means to her the "fabulous" couturier writes of herself, "Her life has been a means to something else—an everlasting question mark. Truly mystic, she believes in IT, but has not yet found out what IT is. . . ." This appalling sentence is not unique in the audacious hand-outs of the smart set, nor is it foreign to the spirit of much of the nonsense coming from the world of the celebrity. God spare us from the darlings of the gods, the glittering personalities of our own making!

Your Christmas Cards

This month before Christmas finds vast numbers of Americans helping greeting card manufacturers to their annual business bonzana due, principally, to their

catalogue item "Christmas Cards." The Christmas card has developed into an impressive piece of merchandise. People are desirous of remembering individuals, relatives, friends and many acquaintances at Christmas. Whether conscious of the fact or not, they are imbued with the Christmas spirit of friendliness towards one another and they exemplify their feelings by the sending of a greeting card.

A few years ago there was difficulty in buying Christmas cards with a sacred theme. But today, because of public pressure exerted on card manufacturers, it is possible to select a proper Christmas card, a "Christian" card appropriate to the occasion. The public expressed itself—it desired Christmas cards portraying the sacred spirit of the season—and the greeting card industry gave ear to the desire of the public. This expression of the public's demand was explicitly enunciated by the motto "Keep Christ In Christmas." The impetus for the movement, for there must always be someone to start such a move, in many areas came from local Holy Name Societies. Of course other organizations, both Catholic and non-Catholic, did wonderful work in the campaign, but the Holy Name Society was the prime mover in many sections of the nation.

However, even when it is relatively easy to find Christmas cards with a sacred theme, some Catholics when purchasing Christmas cards this year may still choose non-religious type greetings which might even be classed as pagan cards! Catholics who unthinkingly send such cards are ignoring the significance of the *holyday*, Christmas.

If you have not yet purchased your cards select those with a sacred and religious theme, since Christmas signifies a special sacred event. Certainly Holy Name members should be true Christians! Greet your relatives and friends in the charity of Christ. This loving regard is a reflection of the divine gift of Christmas, which was the gift of God in sending His Son, the God-Man, to earth for the love of mankind.

Our Director General

by Harry C. Graham, O.P.

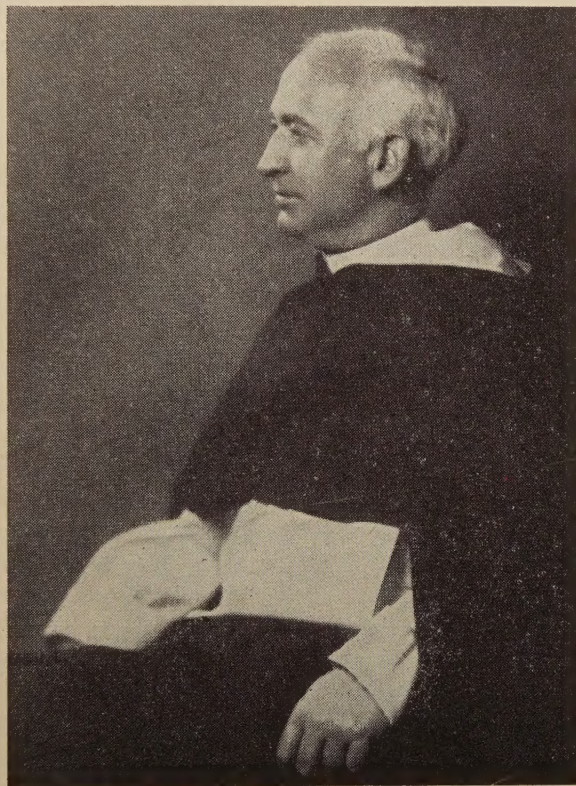
The Vicar General of the Dominican Order and General Director of the Society throughout the world, Most Rev. T. S. McDermott, O.P., S.T.M., accepts with Bishop Deardon patronage of our 1955 National Convention in Pittsburgh.

IN 1274 Pope Gregory X asked John of Vercelli, the Master General of the Dominican Order if he, through his Preaching Friars, would undertake the vigorous and vitally necessary crusade of reestablishing and deepening reverence and respect for the Holy Names of God and Jesus Christ. The purpose of the Pope was to curtail shameful neglect and a disrespect shown by the people of the world for these Most Holy Names as well as for the very divinity of Christ. Though communications and travel in the thirteenth century were not nearly so convenient as they are today, the dauntless Dominican General took it upon himself to visit most of the countries in Europe where the Dominicans had establishments and, at these foundations, to urge and command that his

Friars accept the apostolate of the Holy Name. It was through these efforts that the devotion was inaugurated and motivated down through the centuries.

On April 5, 1564, after triumphs of grace and repeated manifestations of heavenly favor, the Holy Name movement and its organizations were raised to the dignity of a Confraternity of the Church. Because the Dominican Fathers preached this devotion for nearly three centuries, the General of the Order was made the Director of the Confraternity throughout all the world. To this day the Dominican Order administers the affairs of the Holy Name.

In the October issue of the *Holy Name Journal* mention was made of the tragic death of the Dominican Master General, Father Suarez. The late General is succeeded now



MOST REV. T. S. McDERMOTT, O.P.

by the Provincial of Saint Joseph's Province here in the United States, Most Reverend T. S. McDermott, O.P., S.T.M., Acting General by constitutional appointment. From the days Father McDermott returned from World War I, where he served with great courage and valor, and he was appointed pastor of the Dominican Church in Kansas City, down through his years as Provincial, he has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the Confraternity of the Holy Name. To him, more than to any other individual, belongs the credit of maintaining the National Headquarters of the Holy Name Society, with its multiple functions of Holy Name services and organizational activities. In the Midwest, and in the South, as well as in the East, many Holy

Name occasions have been graced not only by his presence but by the sterling addresses he gave to the men. In the parishes of which he was pastor, he accepted the duties as moderator of the Holy Name Society and was eminently successful in Holy Name work. In his office as Provincial he has repeatedly provided the resources and the men for conducting our National Conventions. Certainly Father McDermott has displayed the widest interest in the Confraternity throughout the United States and has been its loyal friend.

With these facts in mind, the National Director has written Father McDermott that on September 28, 1955, a National Convention will be held in the City of Pitts-

(Continued on page 29.)

Almoner of the Gifts of Jesus

by V. F. Kienberger, O. P.

"Almoner of the Gifts of Jesus"—this significant title was accorded the Mother of Sorrows by the recently canonized Pope Pius X in his letter, "Ad diem illum," of February 2, 1904. The saintly Pontiff wrote, "By reason of this communion of sorrow and purpose between Mary and Christ, she merited to be called most rightly the Restorer of a lost world, and therefore, the Almoner of all the gifts which Jesus earned for us by His death and by His blood."

It was divinely fitting that in the Marian Year, Pius XII, gloriously reigning, should canonize his illustrious predecessor. From birth St. Pius X was a child of Mary. His mother consecrated him to Mary at her altar in the village church of Riese, Italy. Many years afterwards, nominated Patriarch of Venice, he wrote, "As far back as I can recall, I have had a consuming devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Near my home in Riese, there is a humble shrine of hers, where I spent many precious hours. I placed my church of Mautua under her protection. Now my joy is complete. I go to Venice where there is a monument to her on every island, on every street corner."

History recalls also the devotion of St. Pius X for the Souls in Purgatory. He prayed devoutly for their release from "the frontier penance house." He pleaded with Our Lady of Sorrows to be their special advocate before the Great Throne of the All-just God. As Supreme Pontiff, Pope Pius X convoked an international Marian Congress in 1904, proclaiming Our Lady, Mother of the Mystical Body and Coredeematrix of Mankind. He unceasingly urged the faithful to be instant in this devotion. He could well place on Mary's lips—when preaching of her, the source of solace for the Poor

Souls—the sacred text "the king hath brought me into his store-rooms" (Cant. 1:3). The truth of this Scriptural warrant has been attested by legions of souls whom Our Lady has helped to escape the full rigors of the Purgatorial fire throughout the centuries. Countless inhabitants in Heaven testify to Mary's power generously accorded them while they languished as members of the Church suffering.

Prominent among the spiritual works of mercy is prayer for the dead. This holy practice antedates Christianity. Judas Machabeus sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem "for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For if he had not hoped that they, that were slain, should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. And because he considered that they, who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins."

One may profitably consider three motives for his devotion to the Poor Souls. First, the glory of God. The God of Mercy yearns to share the joys of the heavenly abiding place with the souls in Purgatory. He created them for Himself alone. He is their beginning and their end. Yet His strict justice demands that "they pay to the last farthing," the debt incurred by their sins. To hasten the day of their liberation we entreat God to show the Poor Souls His abounding mercy. Moreover, we also enlist the aid of the Mother of Consolation, Saint Joseph, and the other sainted couriers of the Church Triumphant, to aid their

brethren tortured in the fiery furnace till every trace of sin is purged.

WE MEMBERS of the Church Militant can hasten the day of their liberation by suffrages, alms and sacrifices. The afflicted Souls in Purgatory are deserving of our tenderest concern. They call out to us in friendliest warning, "I today; you tomorrow!" Their chief sources of solace are the sacrifice of Holy Mass and the offering of the plenary indulgence gained by saying the Rosary before the Blessed Sacrament. Holy Mass offered in suffrage for the dead is their sacrifice of expiation. Prayer is the open sesame to perpetual light and eternal rest in the arms of God.

Every good work performed for God is worthy of merit. "Whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward" (St. Matt. 10:42). The charity of our prayers for the Poor Souls will make them our grateful friends in the Court of the King of Kings and our never-failing intercessors at the Throne of God of mercy. When we enter the portals of Purgatory, our unknown friends once abandoned by forgetful loved ones will give us their suffrages when we are powerless to help ourselves. The spiritual advantages resulting from a devotion to the Poor Souls will also help us avoid sin, and thus in God's mercy we may avoid Purgatory.

As devout Holy Name members we turn to the "Almoner of the gifts of Jesus," begging her to console our departed parents, relatives and friends now "in bonds." Recalling St. Bernard's prayer, the *Memorare*, we are convinced that never was it known that anyone who implored the help of Our Lady of Solace was left unaided. And so we seek Mary's powerful aid in the liberation of the most abandoned Souls in Purgatory. By her intercession may they speedily enjoy the Beatific Vision. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. . . . Let them rest from their labors; for their works follow them" (Apoc. 14:13).

SIX YEARS AFTERWARD

by J. J. Hanlin

IT HAS NOW been six years since the Communists imprisoned Josef Cardinal Mindszenty and took his mind and tormented it horribly in one of their typical "brain washings."

Hungary at the end of the war was all but a Catholic country with an estimated 7,000,000 of the 9,207,000 Hungarians as Catholics and with a large number of clergy despite the loss of many young priests during the war. With the energetic figure of Cardinal Mindszenty as its Primate, the Church in Hungary had reason to look forward to a peaceful future in which to rebuild its churches and monasteries . . . except for the red light slanting across the land from Moscow.

In 1945, shortly after the "liberation," the strong anti-Catholic movement got under way leading to the assassination at Győr of the now almost forgotten Monsignor Apor, by the Russian Army. Since then the Church has been strangled slowly and its clergy is now all but underground.

Most of its priests are dead, imprisoned or have been forced to flee to Austria. They continue to trickle out of the enslaved land by what Hungarians term the black route. Those remaining have to take up, in so very many cases, some sort of employment to maintain themselves while they care for the spiritual needs of their flocks.

While all this has gone on, if we are to believe the Communists, religious freedom flourishes today in Hungary.

For example, a special department of the government has been set up for Church affairs. As an ironic twist to the Soviet idea of religious freedom, until recently the head of this department was a man called István Kossa, one of

the most outspoken atheists in the Communist world, a man whose precise pen has gone to millions of words attacking the very existence of God. It takes little imagination to see what sort of department this was supposed to be.

Anyone who studies the Yellow Book issued by the Hungarian government after Cardinal Mindszenty's trial will recall the pains the Communists took to



BUDAPEST'S MONUMENTAL STALIN

create this picture of religious freedom in the country. The Cardinal was a known Monarchist, as some of our American priests are Republicans and some Democrats. As a member of the political group that was most anti-Communist, he was in double trouble with the Kremlin.

This writer recently interviewed a Hungarian priest, now a refugee, who said that many Catholics at the time thought the Cardinal was wrong . . .

that some sort of an agreement could be reached with the Kremlin. The Communists could point to Poland which at that period was not persecuting the Church, and could say, "See, we are getting along with the Church in Poland . . . why not here? The reason is this . . . the Prince Primate, Cardinal Mindszenty, is a Monarchist. As to the Catholic Church itself, we believe in freedom of religion."

As always, the Communists pretended to be bewildered. Naturally, they know exactly what they intend to do and are trying to do it.

Like so many regimes of the last 2,000 years, the Communists are out to destroy the very idea of God. They refuse to believe the words of Tertullian . . . *afflict us, torment us, crucify us—in proportion as we are mowed down, we increase; the blood of Christians is a seed.* They persecute the religious—Catholic, Orthodox, Protestant and Jew, and watch the result—churches jammed unbelievably all over the Communist world wherever there is someone to hold services.

Any sort of agreement, therefore, that they make, like the 1950 Catholic Church-Polish State fiasco, is merely a temporary measure and a springboard to attempt schisms. All Moscow-trained Hungarian officials, for example, are foresworn to atheism and are members of the Atheist association.

IN HUNGARY, there are many church buildings marked for demolition. The most shocking example of this church destruction has been the tearing down of the beautiful neo-Byzantine church of Regnum Marianum on the Dozsa György ut. The Budapest City Council

justified this move in a decree of July 9, 1951, which provided for the widening of the street. Actually, it was levelled so that an incredibly exaggerated statue of Stalin, a champion of atheism, could stand alone.

But this is just one phase of the Kremlin's attack on religion, especially the Catholic Church.

Anti-Catholic exhibitions are another weapon they use. These "shows" are held constantly in Hungary, and everywhere from Canton, China, to Vienna, Austria. These exhibitions which claim to illustrate the Spanish inquisition and the activities of the Vatican are inspired by the Atheist Association. After the Second World War, the association had ceased to function openly so that Catholics and other religious groups would not be constantly reminded of the nature of Communism. However, in Moscow, there has been the establishment of an anti-Church organization as part of the Cominform. Most of these exhibitions have been under the cloak of "science" lately and are listed as being sponsored by the Soviet Academy of Science. But the association remains the prime mover.

The shows are arranged so that the Catholic Church appears responsible for all the atrocities, inhuman deeds and superstitious belief of the last 2,000 years. The Church is pointed out as having for centuries oppressed freedom and supported the interests of the ruling classes and is at present serving, under Pope Pius XII, the "enemies of the people," for example, America.

Material illustrating the personal history and trial of Cardinal Mindszenty was promoted loudly, especially in the years right after his "trial." The forged documents, as well as a collection of defamatory cartoons of the Cardinal are still carted about the Communist world for display. Distorted photographs and pictures present the Cardinal as a war-monger. In order to give a touch of authenticity to these shows, objects taken from his palace in Esztergom are exhibited.

In 1951 when this exhibition was on display for the first time in Hungary,

not one of the daily newspapers dared to report on it and it was only mentioned in the "literary magazine" which is read by Communist writers and intellectuals.

Here in Vienna, a hundred miles behind the Iron Curtain, intelligence men and other observers can easily find tell-tale signs that the Kremlin's war on the Catholic Church is not going well. In Hungary, Budapest makes no strident announcements of the fact, of course, but from the tales of refugees, monitored Red radio broadcasts and newspapers, there is plenty of evidence.

In a recent issue of *A Kereszt*, a fortnightly of the Communist excommunicated priests, can be found interesting undertones of this revolt. The committee is Communist through and through, of course, and popular only to a very few ex-Catholics who weakened.

"The priests," said Miklos Beresztoczy, "hear about so many bad things in the confessional that they are sometimes reluctant to think well of others."

Beresztoczy said this in pointing out that faithful Catholic clergymen refused to speak well of Communism from the pulpit . . . although, to a degree, they are forced to or they cannot preach at all. But their words lack "the proper spirit."

"The feudal character of the Church has ceased," Beresztoczy continued in making observations on the Church today in Hungary. "The clergy has to follow the dictates of the Gospel when they renounce their Church land." He failed to mention that most Church collections have been abolished, too, and door boxes sealed so that the Church will gradually be cut off from all sources of money.

Almost all religious instruction in Hungary is now done underground. A recent refugee who arrived here in Vienna reported that religious lessons are given by ordinary teachers and are loaded with Communistic and atheistic ideology. This refugee stated that there are sixty underground religious groups in Szeged, his hometown, and that these groups meet in the basements of churches or in the towers and vestries.

For participating, about sixty people were jailed in Szeged.

Another refugee reported recently that a school for boys still operates in Budapest under the Benedictine Order. He said that there are only five other Catholic schools open in the entire country. Two of them for girls. Another recent report mentioned seven. The refugee noticed that at various times secret police were openly supervising Catholic services in Győr and making notes during the sermons.

"Last year," the refugee continued, "the Bishop of Vác refused to elevate certain Communist-sponsored 'priests of peace' to higher positions. He was arrested and imprisoned. The government is especially interested in getting 'peace priests' into the higher offices of the Church."

The refugee had the impression that people residing in the rural areas were less supervised and hindered in attending services than people who lived in larger cities. He said that the Protestant Church was not exposed to the same governmental pressure as the Catholic Church, since the Protestants were more willing to cooperate with the Communist regime.

This man revealed further that Cardinal Mindszenty's mother, 86 years old, receives permission from the AVH, Ministry of Internal Defence, to visit her son every month for a period of 15 minutes. When it is time for each visit, she receives a notification from the AVH, whereupon she takes the train to Budapest and reports to an office designated in the letter.

The Cardinal until recently was kept under heavy guard in two rooms of a government building, a former villa, in the beautiful Roszadomb section of Budapest. At the time of a recent visit from his mother, he was in Vác and she was taken there by car, accompanied by an AVH official. During the visit, she noticed that the Cardinal looked much better. When she told her son she was glad to see him so well, the AVH official who supervised the conversation, broke in and said, "Yes, he is 10 pounds

(Continued on page 36.)

Labor Secretary Mitchell

by Thomas W. Poster

Once his little market's whole staff, Secretary Mitchell now calls the signals for the nation's labor team.

CUSTOMERS in a small butter-and-egg store in Elizabeth, New Jersey, often remarked that young Jimmy Mitchell was going places. He was only 22 years old and people liked him so much that he was able to open a second store in another part of town.

He studied constantly and the book in his hip pocket was as much his trademark as the wide smile on his face. He worked long hours as the sole support of his family and postponed each fall and spring his entrance into college.

James Paul Mitchell continued to work hard, study hard. And one day he did go places. He went to Washington, D. C., to become the Secretary of Labor, head of 8,000 employees and the man who is responsible to Congress for the welfare of the sixty-two million American wage earners.

But he never did get to go to college. His secret ambition today is to teach government when and if he ever retires from active government work. Skeptics picked an early date for Mitchell's retirement because they felt the new Secretary had no qualifications for the job. He was not a politician, not a millionaire and had no influence neither in labor nor business. But Secretary Mitchell was appointed "because he is interested in people and not merely economic processes," said the President of the United States.

James Paul Mitchell stays on in Washington and establishes himself as something really new. He is the hardest working member of the President's Cabinet and the least publicized. He dislikes personality stories and talking about himself. His hand seldom holds a cock-

tail, and any entertaining he does, he prefers to do privately over a dinner table.

When Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are seen at a party it's quite an oddity, for they both dislike the Washington merry-go-round and prefer a good baseball game on television. Relaxation is as much a necessity in the Secretary's life as work, for he gets so little time in which to rein in. When he does relax you'll find a remarkable similarity between the young proprietor of that Elizabeth butter-and-egg store and the current Secretary of Labor. The scene may have changed, but the full crop of

reddish brown hair is still there, the crinkly-eyed smile of a big Irishman and the book in hand. A lover of classical literature, Mitchell sometimes carries a mystery novel for quick diversion.

The Mitchell manners have changed none, either. He still replies "Sir" to strangers and surprises them with his soft voice, seemingly out of place coming from a longshoreman's hulking form.

To Mr. Mitchell belongs the knowledge of an expert in the field of personnel and labor relations, from experience of more than a quarter of a century. His first concern with labor rela-



FOR FIRST ANNIVERSARY IN CABINET, SECRETARY OF LABOR JAMES P. MITCHELL RECEIVES FROM FATHER HESBURGH OF NOTRE DAME AN ANNIVERSARY CAKE.

tions came during the great depression, when he worked for the W.P.A. relief office in Union County, New Jersey. He was promoted to work in the New York City offices, where he first encountered Communists who wanted to go on strike during the depression itself!

BEFORE the depression Mitchell had worked as a clerk for the Western Electric Company in Elizabeth, and after a successful though brief career with the W.P.A. he went back to his old firm as a labor relations advisor. Just before World War II he was asked to run the labor division of the Army Corps of Engineers and he accepted this position, which a few short months later turned out to be the top civilian post in war production. He was responsible for the uninterrupted assembly line of a million war workers and it was his hands that mapped out the supply lines for the invasion of Normandy. During that vital scheming he plotted once for 24 consecutive and sleepless hours the greatest supply of war materials ever known to mankind.

Devoting all his time and energy to his work kept Mitchell from visiting his family in Elizabeth but when his sister, Mrs. Mary Bockwith, asked him to be godfather to her baby he couldn't say no. He flew from Washington to Newark Airport, took a taxi to the church and after the Baptism flew back to work.

Following the war's end he went into Macy's and then Bloomingdale Brothers department stores as head of the personnel and the labor relations departments. At Bloomingdale's he was invited to join a fishing club which banned executives. At a club dinner he told the employees, "The only trouble with this club is that there's too much brass here."

The department store employees, even the union representatives, enjoyed being with him, whether at sea or across a bargaining table. "He's a man's man," his fellow fishermen say. "When the sea gets rough he could get as sick as anyone else."

Encyclicals like the *Quadragesimo*

Anno and the *Rerum Novarum* and their basic ideals are foremost in the mind of Mr. Mitchell in every labor dispute he has faced. As with most wonderful things in this world, Mitchell's philosophy brings forth questions like, "Why hasn't someone thought of this before?" But Secretary Mitchell merely interprets the Papal encyclicals, and in the current times of powerful unions, nation-wide strikes and shaky economies one can only wonder why no one in the government didn't previously offer the same interpretations.

Talking in his most comfortable position, standing, and puffing on a cigarette, the Secretary of Labor explained why labor disputes arise:

"The basic problems of industrial peace are interwoven with the need for good human relations. . . . I have often wondered whether the heart of this problem is not the desire of the soul of every rational creature for self-expression and for recognition of his human dignity and value. The basic yearning of the soul, if properly fulfilled, gives direction, perspective and legitimacy to the grasp for material things."

When not inhaling his cigarette the Secretary animates his explanations with tobacco-stained fingers cupped into a ball. With his brow wrinkling intensely, the Secretary once explained that he wants to put God on the labor scene and would endorse any good prayer to open and close union meetings or contract discussions. He despises rabble-raising labor leaders and employers who refuse to recognize their workers as human beings first and workers second. In turn he demands that workers recognize the problems of management and allow for more discussion in disputes.

"Only where men are free will there always be differences between varying group interests and their individual ambitions," he insists. "I hope the time never comes when labor-management disputes vanish from the scene, for only in totalitarian states are grievances eliminated."

To impress upon employer and employee his formula for better under-

standing Mitchell often quotes the *Rerum Novarum*, ". . . we must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian."

Because Mitchell is "for" labor and "for" management, the President is using him as a buffer for the White House. The Department of Labor has gained tremendous stature since Mitchell took over, and unless he admits he is stalemated (a word he despises) in a labor dispute, the President will not even consider the issues.

Mitchell has racked up a pretty good record in disputes at the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Paducah, Kentucky, atomic plants, at the New York waterfront and in the American Airlines strikes. He wisely sidestepped the spotlight on those scenes by sending memoranda with suggestions to both sides and mediators involved. Because of his active schedule he's seldom at Presidential meetings or parties and files a weekly report on Friday morning at Cabinet sessions. He is not seen often in photographs with the President but is beyond a doubt one of the most popular men in the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON correspondents find him always pleasant and happy in his work. He talks facts and figures. Reporters generally enjoy talking with Mitchell because "he admits he doesn't know everything and he's not trying to swing his state Republican or Democrat." Financial editors report that they learn more from the information gathered from the Labor Department's weekly releases than from any press conferences or statements from economic advisors. Following an interview with a top advisor of Eisenhower's economic staff, the editors said they were told nothing that Mitchell hadn't told the people with amazingly less fanfare.

It is Mitchell's reports, the pulse-taking of the nation's economy, that are used to draw business cycles for the President. Mitchell purely and simply issues the facts. The Secretary of Labor tells the President that people are not working in the coal mines of Pennsyl-

(Continued on page 35.)

Canada's National Marian Shrine

by Vincent C. Dore, O. P.

OUR LADY of the Cape—"As thou art crowned by human hands on earth, so may we be crowned by Thyself with glory and honor in the kingdom of heaven by Thy most beloved Son, Jesus Christ."

OUR Canadian neighbors are becoming increasingly proud of their National Shrine of Our Lady of the Cape, as well they may be proud. The Shrine is dedicated to the Immaculate Mother of God under her title of Queen of the Most Holy Rosary and is located at Cap-de-la Madeleine, midway between Montreal and Quebec. Nearby is the thriving town of Trois Rivières, at the junction of the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence. Cap-de-la Madeleine, because of its famous Shrine, is visited every year by thousands of devout pilgrims and sight-seeing tourists.

This year the three hundred year old Shrine of Our Lady of the Cape celebrates the centenary of its dedication to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. This year is also the golden jubilee celebration of the coronation of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Cape, the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, though devotion to the Virgin Mother at this hallowed Cape goes back to the earliest days of French Canadian history.

At this little headland, the early missionaries, explorers and traders often stopped on their journeys along the main water highway of Canada. As early as 1653 it was known as "Terre de Sainte-Marie." A small wooden chapel was begun in 1659. The first resident pastor, Father Paul Vachon, was appointed in 1685 and he established here one of the first Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary in Canada. A facsimile of the

diploma of this Confraternity may be seen today in the Sanctuary. It was signed by the Master General of the Dominican Order, under date of May 11, 1694.

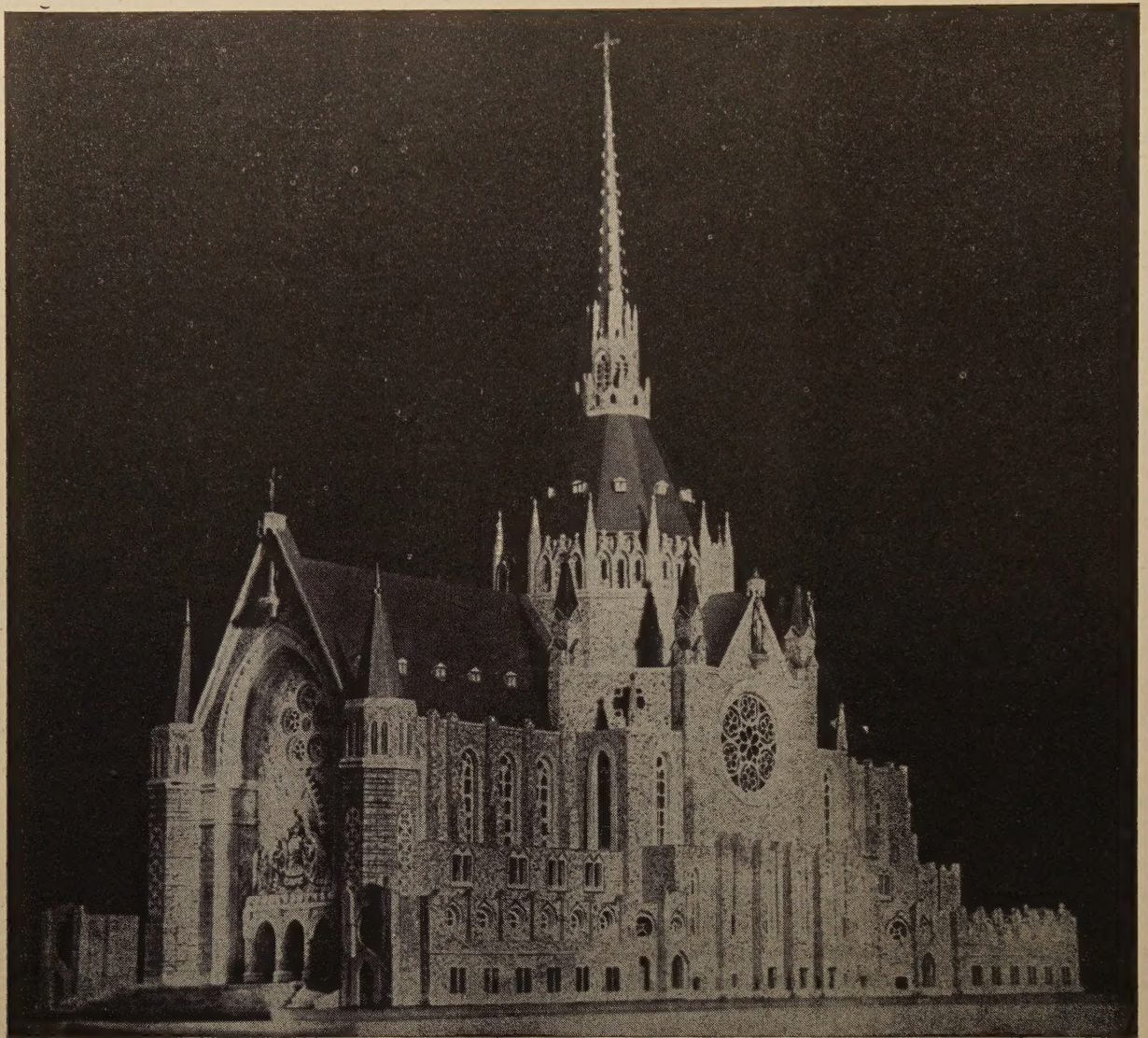
The small stone Church of Sainte-Madeleine was completed in 1720. Timber from the original chapel was used in the construction of this church which, to this day, is the actual Shrine of Our Lady of the Cape. It is Canada's oldest stone church that has been preserved intact over the years. After the death of the saintly Father Vachon, the Church of Sainte-Madeleine became a mission chapel and remained so for one hundred and fifty years. In 1844, it was re-established as a parish and Fr. Léandre Taurigny was made pastor. He restored the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary and in 1854 dedicated the side chapel to Mary, the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

Our Lady of the Cape's most hallowed historical event, the formation of the Bridge of the Rosary, occurred in March, 1879. This was a bridge of ice that formed over the St. Lawrence River. The stone for the erection of a new church had been quarried at Sainte Angèle, across the river, and placed near the shore late in 1878. But it could not be transported. January and February passed and March was half over, and the river had not frozen to any extent. Every Sunday, after High Mass, the parishioners recited the Rosary to pray for the form-

ing of an ice bridge. When it seemed that construction would be postponed at least another year, Father Desilets, the pastor, promised the Blessed Mother that he would leave the old church intact, erect the large new church beside it, and dedicate the small church to Mary under her title of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

On Friday, March 14, the river began to freeze. Ice flows began to weld on Sunday and fifteen men walked across the narrow strip. Returning, they marked the way with beacon lights. All through the night, eighty men watered the narrow freezing path. Three days later, on the Feast of St. Joseph, the Patron of Canada, all available men went to work, using 150 horses and many sleds, to draw the stone triumphantly across the *Bridge of the Rosary*. After eight full days of toil, all the stone had been transported and the warm rays of the sun melted the ice bridge, sending large ice flows down the swift current to the sea. The new church was completed and blessed on October 3, 1880. The old church was renovated, dedicated to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary and inaugurated as the Shrine of Our Lady of the Cape on June 22, 1888. The miraculous statue was placed above the main altar where it still may be seen.

ANOTHER manifestation of the love and gratitude of the Blessed Mother for this Shrine is the Miracle of the Eyes.



PROJECTED BASILICA OF OUR LADY OF THE CAPE

This occurred on the evening of the inauguration of the Shrine. A crippled man was assisted to the altar before the statue of the Madonna by the pastor, Father Desilets and Pere Frederic, a Franciscan Missionary. All three looked at the statue and beheld the eyes slowly opening. The eyes conveyed an expression of meekness, mercy and sincere appreciation for this shrine in her honor. The miracle lasted about ten minutes. Then the eyelids slowly closed and she resumed her former expression. Since that day many miraculous cures have been attributed to the all powerful intercession of the Mother of God whose statue of Our Lady of the Cape once

opened her eyes.

Fifty years ago, in 1904, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Pope Pius X granted the favor of the coronation of the Statue of Our Lady of the Cape. Delegated by the Holy Father, and in the presence of a large gathering of Archbishops and Bishops, as well as over 15,000 pilgrims, Bishop Cloutier of Three Rivers placed the crown on the venerable forehead of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary with these words: "As Thou art crowned by human hands on earth, so may we be crowned by Thyself with glory and honor in the kingdom of heaven by Thy

most beloved Son, Jesus Christ."

In 1947, the miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Cape was brought to visit the Marian Congress in Ottawa. Since then, it has journeyed over 100,000 miles, covering the length and breadth of Canada and into the United States to San Francisco. By radio and television, the image has entered countless Canadian and American homes, spreading devotion to her Immaculate Heart and her Rosary. Today, the custodian Oblate Fathers are gathering pearls, precious stones and gold for a new crown to present to the Blessed Mother during this golden jubilee year of her coronation as

(Continued on page 36.)

Paradise In Paraguay

by William J. Whalen

**If this was a life of savagery, then we should
all revert to the elementary necessities.**

SEMI-TROPICAL jungle long ago smothered the fields and erased the roads and streets of the towns which once made up the Christian Indian State of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Some 30 scattered ruins of Indian churches along the Parana River bear witness to one of the great achievements of Catholic missionary activity, the Jesuit reductions, or supervised settlements or villages.

Here in the interior of Paraguay the Jesuit fathers labored for more than 150 years, bringing a warlike but liberty-loving people to a Shangri La of peace, culture and virtue.

And here, it has been said, the missionaries realized in their Christian communities all that is good and avoided all that is bad in modern communism. Many phases of life in the reductions cannot be imitated today; many others may serve as an example and model for a troubled world.

At one time (1732) these communities counted 141,000 Christian Indians in nearly 60 autonomous villages. But in the 50 years after the expulsion of the Society of Jesus from Spanish territory the villages were reclaimed by the jungle, the cattle and sheep disappeared, the inhabitants returned to the forests.

How and why were these unique reductions founded? What was the daily life of the citizens? What were their cultural attainments? Let us examine the Paraguayan paradise, remembering that this was no philosopher's Utopia but a living fact for hundreds of thousands of people for 150 years.

Other missionary orders had attempted

to convert the tribes of the area since its discovery in 1515. They failed. The Spanish had reduced most of the conquered Indians to conditions of serfdom and the natives chafed under harsh colonial masters. Their growing hatred of the white man culminated in bitter uprisings and rebellions.

The first missionaries of the young Society of Jesus recognized three obstacles to the conversion of the natives: forceful oppression by the Spanish, consequent aversion to the religion of their oppressors, and the daily bad example of the white man. As one of the fathers wrote to his superior, "For not only do the Spaniards make slaves of the Indians, but they also destroy them, inasmuch as they are addicted to many vices of which our simple children of nature know nothing."

KEEPING native Guaranis and Chiquitos away from the power and the bad example of the white man was seen as the only hope of bringing them to Christianity. Otherwise contact with the Spaniards undid in a few weeks what the missionaries had labored many years to achieve. Plans for the reductions were approved by the King of Spain, Philip III, who appropriated funds for the project.

Attracted by the promise of freedom and higher living standards, natives flocked by the thousands to the first reductions, which were in the northwest area. Loreto, the very first, was started in 1610.

These original reductions would not survive. Marauding slave traders from Brazil raided the new settlements, murdering thousands and carrying off thousands more. The Jesuits decided to move their people out of range. In 1631 they gathered together the remnants of the first reductions and began a journey deep into the interior.

Comparable to the Mormon march to Utah, the *hegira* has been called one of the greatest feats of its kind in history. About 2,500 families, numbering perhaps 30,000 Indians, set off on rafts and canoes down the Parana. Of these about 12,000 survived the treacherous waterfalls, hardships and jungle diseases and reached the destination.

Here between the Parana and Uruguay Rivers the fathers rebuilt their reduction on an even larger scale. To protect the settlement they organized their own armies with regular drill, uniformed officers, arsenals and home-made ammunition.

In choosing the sites for their cities the priests preferred healthy, high locations on waterways. But let a contemporary, Father Jose Peramas, describe the typical reduction:

"The church always formed the center of regular reductions; it was spacious, built of solid materials and usually extremely handsome. On one side of the church was the cemetery and on the other the collegiate buildings, including the school. Near the latter stood the village hall together with graneries in which the goods of the community were stored, and the artisans' workshops.

Near the cemetery was the widow's home, a part of which served as a hospital. In front of the church there was always a spacious square containing a statue, and around the square stood, usually arranged at right angles to each other, the one-story dwellings of the Indians with their projecting roofs or galleries."

As Father Peramas suggests, the villages were mapped out in city blocks around a central square. Main streets were paved. The fathers lived in what was known as the "college" and the Indians in the stone or adobe houses with tile roofs.

A special house, the *cotigauzu*, was maintained for widows, orphans and cripples. Each college had its own pharmacy and between four and eight nurses attended to the health of the people. Generally the average reduction counted 3,500 Indian citizens and two priests.

Industries included tile kilns, mills, tanneries and the like, and the Indians were skilled as carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, bakers, butchers, house painters, bookbinders, organ builders, copyists, tailors. Meanwhile their brothers under ordinary Spanish rule continued to do nothing but common farm labor.

The cities were landscaped and adorned with shrines and statues. Roads connected the distant reductions, which were entirely self-governing.

They raised corn, vegetables, cotton, wheat, rice, tobacco, sugar cane, oranges and other fruits. Paraguayan tea or mate supplanted the intoxicating liquor to which the Indian had become addicted. Some reductions owned as many as 100,000 cattle and 30,000 sheep.

Leisure time was taken by games, military drill and horse racing. Dice and cards were forbidden.

ELECTIONS for local officers were held each December. All profits from the operation of the industries and fields went to the Indians, none to the Jesuit supervisors.

Author Rene Fulop-Miller has this to say about the government of the reductions: "The Indian state harmonized with the most democratic demands, for

its citizens were not subject to the repressive measures of autocratic officials, their freedom being restricted only where necessary in the public interest; the officials of this republic, elected as they were by popular suffrage, were merely selfless agents for the welfare of all.

"Without ever costing the lives of those who held differing ideas, the communist state of the Jesuits in Paraguay differed materially from the similar experiment in the present day, an experiment which, despite the sacrifice of innumerable lives, has so far remained a Utopia chiefly on paper."

Naturally the religious life of the Indians was of paramount importance to the missionaries. At 5 A.M. trumpets called the citizens to Mass before the day's work began. Those going to the fields sang hymns on the way, accompanied by a native band. Sodalties and other Catholic organizations were active in the reductions. Evening devotions in the church, the center of community life, closed the day's labor.

Sexual irregularities were all but unknown. The fathers urged marriage for boys at the age of 17 and for girls at 15. Such early marriages fostered chastity and such modern evils as adultery, broken homes and juvenile delinquents were unheard of. As the Bishop of Buenos Aires wrote to the King of Spain, "Such innocence prevails among these people who are composed exclusively of Indians naturally inclined to all kinds of vices, that I believe no mortal sin is ever committed there, the vigilance of the shepherds foreseeing and preventing even the slightest fault."

Although revolts were a constant headache to the Spanish authorities in their colonies, nothing resembling a revolt occurred during the century and a half of Jesuit supervision. Capital punishment was abolished in the Christian centers; the guilty offender was simply expelled.

Elementary schools were set up as were special schools of Latin and music. Because the original purpose of the project was to keep the Indian segregated from the white man, the white

man's languages, Spanish and Portuguese, were not taught.

WHILE the Indians worked and played and prayed, however, dark clouds were gathering in Europe which would undo all their efforts and shatter the Christian Indian State.

Around the middle of the eighteenth century the Spanish king ceded certain lands to Portugal in exchange for other territory. The land he gave away had been part of the reductions, home for many Indians and Jesuits for more than a century. Now they were asked to pack up and leave, turning over their cities and fields to a traditional enemy. The Indians refused and, although counseled by the Jesuits against fighting the Spanish, made a stand. They were defeated in a battle in 1756.

Meanwhile free thought and Freemasonry held sway in the Bourbon courts of Europe and the Jesuit Society was the chief target. In 1767 the weak Charles III of Spain signed the order expelling the Jesuits from all Spanish possessions in the Americas. This proved to be the death warrant for the reductions.

At the time of the expulsion the Jesuit province of Paraguay numbered some 564 members, with a dozen colleges and universities.

By 1772 the number of Indians left in the reductions had fallen to 80,000 and by 1796 only half this figure remained. That amazing degree of culture and civilization which the Jesuit missionaries had imparted to these rude nomadic tribes slipped away. In less than 50 years the work of 150 years was undone.

But the memory of the rule of the fathers remains in the folk lore of the Guaranis as their golden age. And it seems that both Chesterton and his antagonist were mistaken. For here in Paraguay in the Christian Indian State, Christianity has been tried and found not wanting. We have called it a paradise in Paraguay but we might also use the term which the scoffing but admiring Voltaire used in referring to the reductions: a triumph of humanity.

The Diplomat Who Never Quits

by Joseph Lydon

General Donovan — a U.S. eagle for security and intelligence and a diplomat as well.

SOME LAWYERS write mystery novels as a relaxation. Attorney William J. Donovan of New York City does not write them, he lives them. Few fictional heroes have had more exciting or varied experiences than "Wild Bill" Donovan, now a quiet, soft-spoken, middle-aged lawyer who looks well behind a mahogany desk, but who does not remain there for any lengthy periods.

After each chapter of his experiences is closed and Mr. Donovan returns to civilian life, his friends conclude that he is through with official government service. Every time they are wrong, for as soon as some new crisis appears on the horizon William Donovan is on his way to the trouble spot to take command of the U.S. interests there.

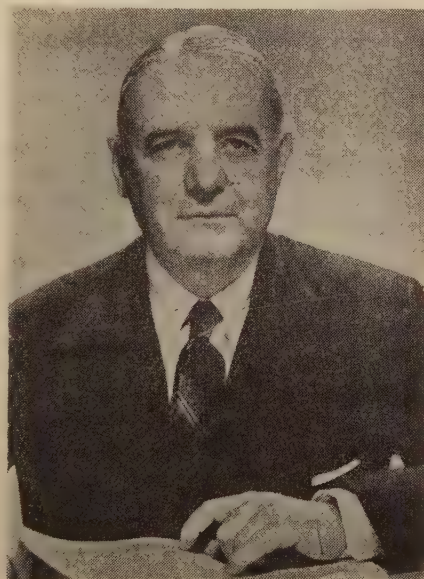
During the closing years of the crucial Indo-Chinese War, Mr. Donovan was almost on the spot, as our Ambassador to Thailand, the ancient land of Siam, next door neighbor to Indo-China. There he carefully carried out the plans drafted by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles for a common front in Southeast Asia against Communism.

Mr. Donovan was no stranger to Thailand when he went there as U.S. Ambassador. While serving as Director of the Office of Strategic Services during World War II he had a very trusty network in operation in Japanese-occupied Bangkok, capital of Siam, which proved to be one of the most effective fact-finding mediums in the world.

William Donovan, of course, is no newcomer in national affairs. He has been in public life off and on since his youth. Adventure seems to follow him about, a fact which makes him one of our most colorful figures, a man

thoroughly honest, a Republican in politics who can work as well with the Democrats as with members of his own party. He is a deadly foe of Communism, at home and abroad. In private life Mr. Donovan is a Catholic and a devoted husband and father.

Donovan's boyhood was typically



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

American. Born in Buffalo, N. Y. on January 1, 1883 of Irish-American parents in modest circumstances he grew up through local public and parochial schools, attended Niagara and Columbia Universities on sports scholarships won by hard work and spectacular play on the gridiron. He studied law, passed the bar and married Miss Ruth Ramsey, becoming the father of a son, David and a daughter, Patricia. Right here however all similarity to the average citizen ends abruptly.

A law office did not appeal very strongly to William Donovan when there was adventure loose in the world and a need for fighting men to protect and defend democracy. He served along our Mexican border as Captain of a National Guard Cavalry Troop during hostilities prior to World War I.

IN FRANCE Major Donovan made history during World War I with the famous Fighting 69th of the famous Rainbow Division. He became a kind of legendary figure on the Western Front, winning not only fame and the adulation of his soldiers and the public back home, but also the rank of Colonel. He participated in nearly every big offensive of the war and won decorations from our own government, Great Britain, France, and from the Holy Father in Rome, and also from several small countries.

When the fighting was over, Colonel Donovan made an exploratory tour of China and Siberia. Returning home, he put adventures behind him and settled down to the business of making a living in the practice of law. In 1922 he experimented with politics, ran for the office of Lieutenant Governor on the Republican ticket and lost, only to be appointed to the office of District Attorney for the western sector of New York a short time later.

This was a touchy assignment during a very difficult time when the country was overrun with gangsters who sprang up like mushrooms during the prohibition era. Donovan was the kind of law enforcement officer who would not wink at crime nor law breaking, no matter

who the personality breaking the law. As long as the Prohibition Law was on the statute books he enforced it without fear or favor and made many enemies.

The newspapers and general public looked with considerable favor upon the fearless crusader who did his duty as he saw it and was as fearless as he was honest. The eyes of official Washington turned in his direction. Attorney General Harlan Stone needed an assistant to cope with one of the biggest scandals ever to hit the country, and he needed a man like William Donovan. Stone recalled that Donovan had been a student in his own law class at Columbia University. As a result the lawyer from New York became in time first assistant to the Attorney General. Donovan did very valuable work during the Teapot Dome scandal. In 1929 he was placed in charge of all anti-trust investigations. This brought home to him the need for reforms in business and again made him very unpopular in some quarters.

During Herbert Hoover's campaign the "trust-buster" played a major role. He was one of Hoover's closest advisers and wrote many of his important speeches. He also campaigned for him. Some reporters predicted a place for him in Hoover's cabinet but this did not come about.

For the next few years Donovan served the government in less spectacular jobs, as U.S. Commissioner of the Colorado River project and as a member of the Arbitration Board. He reorganized the bankruptcy laws of the United States before running for Governor of New York in 1932, only to be defeated in the contest.

RECOGNIZED always as a keen analyst of foreign affairs, William Donovan made a tour of Europe and Northern Africa appraising the Italian campaign in Ethiopia and the revolution in Spain. After viewing Germany's military might in 1938 he returned home urging greater military preparedness to meet the forthcoming threat of the Hitler war machine.

Suddenly William Donovan acquired

a new title, "The Mystery Man." He was always turning up at odd places in the world at unexpected times, ostensibly a tourist. In reality however he was serving as the "foreign eyes and ears" for President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The President pinned another label on him, calling him "The Roving Ambassador." Not many people really know how many delicate missions Donovan carried out successfully during some pretty dangerous times in our national history. Just three weeks ago he figured in a "foreign intrigue" type of escape story.

So important were Donovan's services during World War II that a new office was created for him. He became "Co-ordinator of Information," a post which developed into the post of head of the Office of Strategic Services. It was at this listening post that Donovan became acquainted with the infiltration of Communists into our government and of their duplicity while holding government offices. Donovan matched his keen wit with theirs and created a new set of enemies for himself.

No detective story ever written has greater cloak-and-dagger appeal than Mr. Donovan's handling of the *Amerasia* matter. One day while reading an article in an obscure little magazine called *Amerasia*, the blood froze in his veins as he read information which was considered top secret in Washington. Such information as that contained in the magazine could come only from secret documents in the files of the State Department. He realized that Philip Jaffe, the editor of the magazine, somehow had access to the secret files of the United States Government!

Deciding that the document had to be rescued, Donovan planned a midnight raid on the offices of *Amerasia*. Our espionage agents gained entrance by picking a lock. What the searchers found in the desk drawers of the editor more than justified the hunch of William J. Donovan. Agents found an elaborate copying apparatus and 160 top secret documents waiting to be copied. A trusted government official was stealing secret documents for photo filming in the office of a Communist publica-

tion. The guilty parties were discovered later, after irreparable harm had been caused. The harm, however, might have been multiplied many times save for the keen watchfulness of William J. Donovan.

Donovan has consistently urged a "get tough with Russia" policy and consistently warned against her machinations during the years when Russia was a trusted ally. At the outset of the cold war he urged the use of economic sanctions against Russia, the closing of British and American port facilities to Soviet ships, and other measures of retaliation. Some of his suggestions have been acted on since.

The latest chapter in the life of America's roving ambassador unfolded in the Oriental environment where the next powder keg was about to explode. President Eisenhower could not have found a more astute man to guard our interests in Southeast Asia during the last several crucial years. In Siam Donovan was able to tap the pulse of the entire area of Communist intrigue.

Thailand is not a large nation, being not quite as large as our state of Texas. It contains 16,000 Buddhist temples, its capital city of Bangkok being a place of breath-taking beauty. Our missionaries, incidentally, have had a difficult time in Thailand because of the fact that Buddhism and patriotism are closely bound together. Thailand has nevertheless always proved to be a safe refuge for our missionaries when they were driven out of adjacent territory.

Mr. Donovan has been very popular in Thailand. He is credited with obtaining a considerable increase in the size of the Military Assistance Advisory Group of the United States in Thailand. At the conclusion of the Indo-Chinese War, Donovan was called home for important consultations with government officials in Washington. Where he will go from there is any man's guess, for no one knows where "Wild Bill" Donovan will show up next, or why, but it can be successfully concluded that he is on important government business in some capacity, for he is a diplomat who never retires.

A MAN CICERO WOULD ENVY

by Paul J. Riviere

BEFORE the Christian Era was born, a pagan named Cicero wrote an essay on old age and how to accept it most gracefully. Since then, a never-ending succession of writers, philosophers, medical authorities and others have added their thoughts to those expressed in "De Senectute."

Through many generations, at least in Jesuit institutions of learning, the Latin of Cicero's discourse has been studied by students more absorbed in translating words than in pondering their meaning. Old age is an uninteresting subject to youth. And rightly so. Action in the present rather than meditation on a future state that may never be realized is more suited to the young.

Statistics, however, have been making it clear that, at least in this blessed country of ours, the old are steadily becoming more numerous. They are—the great majority of them—"old" people who do not feel old in spite of having reached their fiftieth or sixtieth birthday. Still both mentally and physically vigorous, they resent the classification into which they have been arbitrarily pushed. They are bewildered when they realize they no longer are wanted in jobs they feel thoroughly competent to fill. They are depressed when told, more or less cold-bloodedly, it's time for them to "take it easy." They are transformed—far too many of them—into "burdens," problem cases, hypochondriacs, almost overnight and not because of the birthdays they have accumulated.

The very system that classifies them as "the old" is guilty of making the description fit them far sooner than it otherwise would.

But this writer has one intimate

friend who found his own way of accepting the unwelcome classification and making it an asset instead of a liability. As a result, he is anything but "old." He is enjoying life far more than when he was "young." He is busy in what he considers the most satisfactory field of the many in which a varied career had

Belated Wisdom

A repentant braggart whose "big talk" finally caught up with him and brought about his reform now has hanging in his office these two quotes:

Usually the first screw that gets loose in a person's head is the one that controls his tongue.

* * *

The thing most frequently opened by mistake is the human mouth.

previously brought him exceptional successes. And he sees no reason why others—both men and women—cannot duplicate his new and highly enjoyable experience.

All that is needed is the free time forced upon the "old," the ability to read, a desire to feel that one's years of life continue to serve a purpose—and the faith a Catholic considers the most valuable gift a human being can receive.

It began, in my friend's case, with a decision to learn more about the Church than a busy and worldly life as husband, father and business executive had previously made possible.

Like so many of us born into Catholic families, attending Mass on Sunday and receiving Holy Communion spasmodically, the questions and answers of the Catechism long since something only

dimly remembered, my friend soon realized in his new reading that he had been abysmally ignorant of the Church, its exciting and colorful history through nineteen centuries and the wide range of subjects in which its Popes and Councils have defined what is God's Word.

The more he read, the more his interest increased. The more he studied and meditated, the more deeply he appreciated the happy privilege of being not merely a Catholic but a Catholic sincerely and thoroughly convinced that no other way of life is better designed to please God and win eternal happiness for the soul.

Within an exhilarating but brief period of a few months, this once "old" man became a new man. He also became a magnet that attracted an ever-increasing number of young people to hear him talk, to get clear-cut answers to their questions, to find their doubts dissipated, to have their cynicism, their sophistication, their absorption in material success exposed as merely evidence of shallow mentalities, false intellectualism, betrayed intelligence.

He liked to meet the people who avoid priests.

He liked to meet, in particular, "fallen away" Catholics of any age.

He did not "save" or "convert" anyone. He did better than that. He sowed seeds—healthy seeds—seeds eager to sprout. He encouraged the timid and the hesitant. He provided pamphlets and recommended books for inquiring minds.

He introduced the interested to priests they wished to meet.

And he is doing all these things right now.

He is decidedly not an "old" man although his hair is gray and there are many lines etched into his face. And he never felt happier or more "needed" throughout his sixty years.

He very probably would have puzzled Cicero. But I am inclined to think that the old Roman, writing his essay at sixty-three, would also have envied my "old" friend very much.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.

Blessed John of Vercelli pray for us.

Many Societies throughout the country have written in to the Vercelli Shrine asking in what manner a shrine honoring our holy founder should be erected in the meeting halls of the parochial Society. We suggest that, as is the practice of many Societies, a table or stand first be provided for the statue of Blessed John. On either side, in order to make the shrine a little more effective and solemn, especially on Holy Name meeting nights, flowers might be placed and perhaps two vigil lights lighted during the duration of the meeting. Even such a simple shrine will be a constant reminder of our pledge to "Pray constantly for the early canonization of our founder."

The Holy Name Bulletin of the Archdiocesan Union of Halifax began, in its October issue, a series of articles by Reverend Reginald M. Coffey, O.P., on Blessed John. It will be continued till his life story has been told. Father Coffey is well qualified to write such a series of articles, since his whole life has been devoted to the study of history. Shortly, we hope to have, in pamphlet form, a complete life of the Dominican from Vercelli, written by Father Christopher Perotta, O.P. Copies of this life may be obtained in a few weeks from National Headquarters here in New York City.

We do not wish these News and Views notes to be devoted entirely to Blessed John of Vercelli, but may we suggest that all members of the Society

join with us in the Blessed John of Vercelli Novena which begins on November 23 and closes on his feast day, December 1. The intentions of all Holy Name men will be included in this important novena and we earnestly hope you will cooperate through your prayers on each of these days. A Mass will be celebrated every morning of the Novena at the Holy Name Altar at St. Vincent Ferrer's Church in New York City. Members of the staff at Headquarters will recite these Masses.

The Band

As was announced through this column in October, the next National Convention is to be held September 28 through October 2, 1955, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Again this writer is waging a personal campaign to raise funds to bring a band consisting of boys from the East Side of New York to attend the Eucharistic Rally in Pittsburgh and to march in the parade on Sunday. In previous Conventions this same procedure was followed and it helped Na-

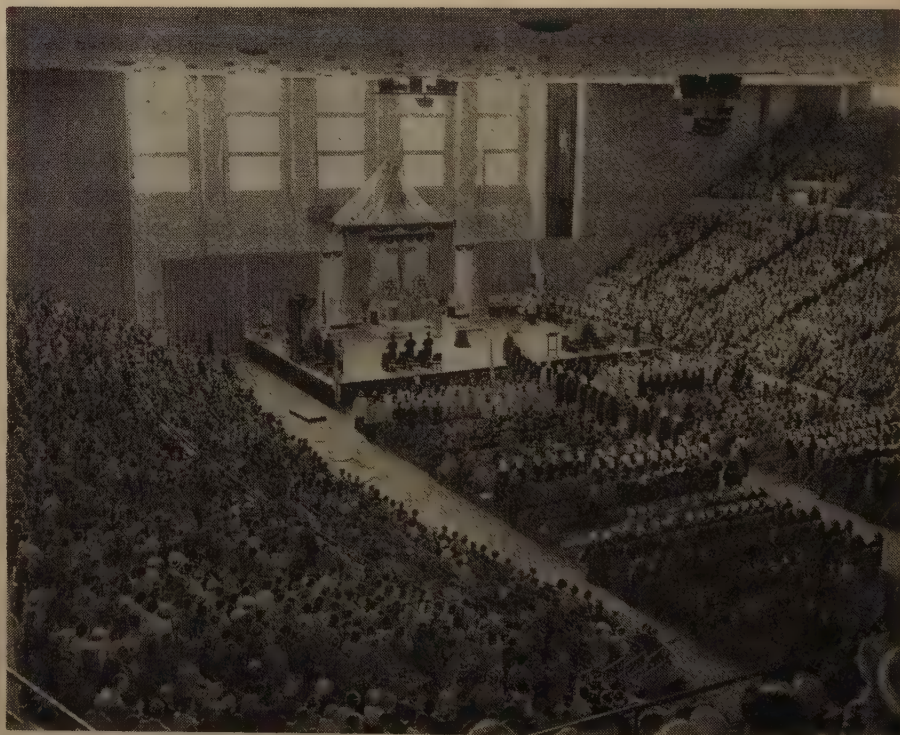


Photo by Jack Pille

The Holy Name Rally and Marian Year Pilgrimage of the Diocese of Covington was climaxed by Pontifical Mass. Sixteen thousand people filled University of Kentucky Coliseum, in Lexington, October 17.



An estimated 95,000 overflowed New Orleans' Tulane Stadium, the Sugar Bowl, to attend Marian Year Evening Mass which was sponsored by the Metropolitan Council of Holy Name Societies of New Orleans. Huge event took place October 3rd.

Photo by Widlitz

tional Headquarters to underwrite the costs of bringing the boys to the Convention. As in the previous projects, we shall not accept any donation larger than a dollar from any one person. If any of the readers of the *Journal* wish to make a contribution and to give these New York boys a trip they perhaps would never otherwise make, they can send their dollar contribution to the "Buck for the Band Club," 141 East 65th Street, New York 21, New York.

New York

One of the most inspiring Eucharistic Hours we have seen was held in the Polo Grounds in New York City on October 10, before seventy thousand people. The whole program was presided over by His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New

York. Ten other Bishops were present at this function. His Eminence also gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. One of the striking and inspiring incidents of the ceremonies was the fact that after the priests and Monsignori marched in procession, His Eminence and the Bishops visited and prayed before replicas of five different world renowned shrines of Our Lady. The whole Eucharistic program was dedicated to the mothers of the New York Archdiocese. The event was sponsored by the Archdiocesan Holy Name Union of New York. We feel and know that Our Blessed Lady was pleased with this demonstration held in her honor.

Springfield

The Holy Name Society of the Diocese of Springfield, Massachusetts, has

taken on new vitality under the direction of Most Rev. Christopher J. Weldon, Bishop of the Diocese. This is evidenced by the fact that a new Diocesan Director has been appointed in the person of Reverend Daniel A. Crowley, who shows great promise of being an energetic Holy Name leader. Activities in the various parishes have increased already, and we expect much of them.

On October 24 I had the privilege of addressing the Holy Name Society of Saint Stanislaus at Chicopee, Massachusetts. Father Francis, the director, as well as all the good Franciscans at Saint Stanislaus were very kind and cordial to me. Father Francis has done remarkable work in this parish of approximately thirty-three hundred families. The men are constant in the recep-

(Continued on page 34.)



A living Rosary encircling famed Marian shrine replicas was formed by Catholic high school girls as over 60,000 watched and united in the recitation of the Rosary (below). Diocesan and Order priests (above) vested in Polo Grounds clubhouse, while thrilled altar boys also enjoyed home of the Giants.

A Marian Year





Pilgrimage

The theme of the twelfth annual religious service sponsored by the New York Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies, held on October 10, was "To Jesus, Through Mary." The 60,000 persons who attended the service in New York's Polo Grounds, besides participating in a great Holy Name ceremony, were also pilgrims to representations of five famous Marian Shrines. As the replicas of these shrines were visited by Cardinal Spellman and nine Bishops, the people united with them by reciting Mary's Rosary. The pilgrimage closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as the twilight began to darken New York.



Marian shrine replicas included those of Knock and Fatima (top of page), Pilar (middle, right). Cardinal Spellman and dignitaries (right) go in procession to tableaux of Blessed Mother's apparitions.



A Highway "Hail Mary"

by Earl Seidlinger

East on Highway 16, two miles out of Columbus, Wisconsin, new Burma-Shave-like signs were erected early this spring. Just four simple signs put there for everyone to read and, if possible, think over for a moment or two.

"Best advertising I ever saw," a salesman told me one day. "Too bad there isn't more like it. I was driving along not paying much attention to anything when all of a sudden there were those signs:

"Hail Mary full of grace—the Lord is with thee—Holy Mary Mother of God—pray for us sinners."

"I read them, then mulled the message over in my mind for maybe a half mile or so before it dawned on me: I'd been praying!" He smiled pleasantly as if he hadn't prayed for a long while, and the mere thought of it gave him a satisfying inner glow.

Hundreds of thousands of people like that salesman have read that simple prayer as they drove past. Some read it laughingly, to be sure; some always will do so, but a great portion reflect a moment on the Blessed Mother.

That's what the members of St. Columbkil's Holy Name Society ex-



ON NO. 17, IN WISCONSIN, THE "HAIL MARY"

pected when they put up the signs. St. Columbkil's is a little mission church five miles off on a side road out of Columbus, Wisconsin, and although their Holy Name Society may not claim the distinction of being the smallest in the world, it is one of the most active. Its 42 members—every available male in the parish—come from a congregation of less than 30 families.

It was a year ago at one of monthly Holy Name smokers that the idea for the signs was hatched; something the men could contribute as a unit for the Marian year. Something that in some little way could increase devotion to the Blessed Mother.

"We were all for it right away," said Norman Groh, the Society's president. "There were enough Catholic farm families along the main highway, so we

knew we wouldn't have trouble locating them."

At first they were for putting up the entire "Hail Mary," no abridging, even for those too biased to read it in its entirety. But there were difficulties, cost being a major one, that made them adopt the shortened version. The basic elements are there, and that was the main objective. Just a little reminder, a nudge in the right direction.

As it was, the "Hail Mary" signs cost \$60 for a set of eight—4 for each side of the road, so they could face traffic going in either direction.

"We look at it this way," President Groh says, "if one motorist in ten that passes reads the signs and spends a moment in silent prayer it means well over 2,000 extra prayers a day that are said on that busy highway. If those cars each have one passenger, it means another 2,000. We couldn't lose."

PERHAPS the salesman was right. If those few signs can cause so many prayers to be said, think how wonderful it would be if more of our roadside advertising could proclaim the honor and glory of God and His Blessed Mother.

LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"

—POPE PIUS XI

by Charles B. Quirk, O.P.

NOW that the furor stirred up by the unfortunate remarks of Mr. Charles Wilson has been reduced to reasonable proportions, it is possible to interpret the implications of the "dog" incident with some objectivity. Any commentary attempted in this column is justified by the pertinence of these implications to the labor management relationship in the United States. That such a commentary be written at this date removes it from any suspicion of political bias on our part.

Dogs and People

From the vantage point of approximately a month's interval after the moment when the explosive words were spoken, it would seem that the most significant aspect of the whole affair is not what was said, actually, but rather was left unsaid. Removed from its immediate context — the speech itself — Mr. Wilson's famous phrase was this. "The bird dogs like to get out and hunt around for their food, but the kennel dogs just sit on their haunches and yelp." A further comment of the Defense Secretary revolved about unemployment. Wilson said he anticipated that employment in Michigan would "balance itself out by Christmas" when new models would be coming off the assembly lines in quantity and that "maybe a few workers would go back south when it gets a little cold."

Immediately, of course, the dog phrase was pounced upon by the politicians and exploited to the hilt. Wilson and his confreres protested that

the removal of the words from the framework of the entire speech distorted its true meaning. But the Defense Secretary, nevertheless, admitted that his remarks were "inept" and a "mistake" and that he should not have spoken of dogs and people in the same breath. Most of the press of the nation agreed that Wilson had put his "foot in his mouth." However, the predominant opinion expressed by the commentators concerned itself with the political offense of the Secretary in the midst of an election campaign. Little space was given to an analysis of the mentality which prompted such a statement. And this, we think, should have been recognized as the major issue in the controversy.

There seemed to be universal agreement that Mr. Wilson was identifying the action of his bird dog with the boundless ambition of the rugged individualist. Conversely, of course, the kennel dog represented the lazy apathy of the man who does little about his unfortunate economic status except complain. The Wilson analogy certainly contained a large element of truth, everything else being equal. But the point the Defense Secretary completely ignored is that everything else just isn't equal. The bird dog stalks birds that are present in his field of pursuit. The average unemployed worker, today, can wear out a couple of pairs of shoes looking for a job which is tragically non-existent. This situation is particularly true in the so-called depressed areas of the nation—of which Mr. Wilson's Detroit is a notable temporary example.

Things are not what they were when the president of General Motors was a boy and Horatio Alger was the hero of every young man who wanted to rise from office boy to top executive. Both occupational and geographical specialization have attached thousands of employees both to specific industries and to relatively restricted industrial regions. Homes have been established, associations formed and matured and lives lived out in neighborhoods close to work sites. To imply that reluctance to pull up roots during a period of unemployment must be ascribed to a lack of initiative is absurd. After all, the automobile industry would be seriously handicapped if large numbers of its skilled and semi-skilled employees went south, permanently.

The really significant revelation of the Wilson affair, then, seems to be the public disclosure that one of the nation's most important captains of industry believes that nothing has changed in the last 25 years. Mr. Wilson should know—even if he is not willing to admit the fact—that, today, American business is irrevocably dependent upon the economic policies of government. As such the rugged individualist is as much a fiction in management as he is in the ranks of labor. Certainly Wilson's position as president of General Motors would hardly be the lucrative job it is if Government expenditures had not been poured into his company. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the sobering effect of national criticism may force Mr. Wilson and other business leaders

who may entertain illusions of grandeur, to admit that the bird dogs went out of style with the Great Depression.

The Case of I.L.A.

During the first week in October the great Port of New York was again paralyzed by a crippling strike of longshoremen. Less than a year ago the possibility of such arbitrary action by the racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Association would have seemed incredible. At that time the ILA had been expelled by the American Federation of Labor; a rival A. F. of L. organization was attracting thousands of I.L.A. members to its ranks in a million-dollar effort to clean up the New York waterfront; and both the federal and state governments were applying seemingly overwhelming legal pressures against the corruption of I.L.A. But, in the short space of a few months, the independent union bounded back from the apparent certainty of extinction to regain practically all of its former power. And, today, shameful crime continues to ride high along the piers of the world's greatest city.

The background of the current situation on the New York docks is composed of many factors which cannot be adequately discussed here. However, the defiance of the I.L.A., offers an object lesson in the ultimate futility of our present federal strike legislation which deserves some comment. In substance, the "emergency" provisions of the Taft-Hartley Law make possible the use of injunctive power against a work stoppage which represents a threat to the national welfare. The delaying action of the eighty-day injunction is assumed to provide the disputants—management and the labor organization involved—more time to settle their differences.

Although the Taft-Hartley Act was not invoked in the New York strike, the course of events on the Gotham waterfront underline the basic shortcomings of the federal law. Reduced to essentials, the philosophy of the

federal law in this respect assumes that, left to themselves, union members will prefer a compromise adjustment of their demands to a strike. Given enough time rank-and-file unionism will force its leadership to accept something less than original demands, and work stoppage will be avoided. Unfortunately, the assumption that time will solve all difficulties is not verified by the course of events in New York harbor. The I.L.A. leadership simply issued orders for a shut-down and the Port of New York was closed until the same leadership allowed it to return to normalcy. Since the I.L.A. had successfully defied the A. F. of L. and the laws of both New York and New Jersey, it is highly unlikely that it would honor a Federal injunction, if such an injunction had been invoked by the President of the United States. At any rate, it is clear that the fear for one's life and concern for one's job are far more potent considerations for the longshoremen of the Port of New York than the threat of Federal action against their union.

The Real Remedy

Long association with unionists and the union movement convinces one that as long as American unions are democratic associations of employees only free, democratic methods can permanently clean up such criminal situations as we have on the New York waterfront. A recent article in *Work*, the official organ of the Catholic Labor Alliance of Chicago, states the case effectively. Under the heading "Only Lasting Insurance Against Union Hoodlums: Active Members," Patrick Malone says, "Cadillac-crazy union officials, hoodlums who strong-arm their way into union leadership, and small time shysters who chisel at hard-earned union dollars are in the headlines in New York, St. Louis, Chicago and St. Paul. . . . Unfortunately, newspaper and magazine stories seldom point up the need for democracy in unions where members take no active part or where leaders discourage active membership politely

or not-so-politely. It is not enough that a union is as clean as a good housewife's kitchen and that funds are accounted for with bank-like accuracy; the union must also be a democratic organization run by its membership. They all go together. Where union leaders have to report regularly on their stewardship to vigilant members the temptations of union officers are easier to resist." To which we add, *Amen!*

One for the Union Halls

Out in Minneapolis a labor leader reminded his membership of an economic truth that should be framed on the walls of every labor union meeting hall. Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company was in real difficulty. Cutbacks in Government orders for jet fighter equipment forced the company to lay off 1,200 of its 8,000 employees. Requests for further government orders were turned down in Washington unless Honeywell could meet competitive prices. This meant a comprehensive effort to reduce production costs.

The firm management approached its union, a local of the A. F. of L. Teamsters, for cooperation. And the company got it. A joint labor-management program was formulated and the union pledged itself to contribute greater efficiency on the assembly lines. However, one of the most significant aspects of the joint effort was the advice given to the union by its president, Robert Wishart. Telling his membership that the union would not tolerate deliberate loafers, Mr. Wishart reminded his local that each employee should "keep in mind that when we ask the company for a pay raise we use its profits as the basis for an increase." If only this simple fact were a part of the general knowledge of organized labor—that where there are no profits there can be no pay raise—industrial relations could be so much more peaceful and profitable to labor, to management and to the public!

Most Valuable Book of the Year

by Louis C. Fink

MY HOBBY is writing magazine articles, and my family and friends are constantly expressing amazement at the amount of information I seem to have in my head. Let there be an article on Lithuania, and I can mention the number of Catholics in that country. If the story happens to discuss medicine, I quote glibly the number of beds in Catholic hospitals. Such figures as the number of Popes, the date Mass was first offered in Georgia, or the total conversions in 1953 may help to lend a little spice to a given article, and a little authenticity, too.

No, I'm not particularly well informed. My trick, now revealed for the first time, is to know where to find information in a hurry. In my living room at home is a fairly good, but small, library. I have the Catholic Encyclopedia, Externals of the Church, the Catechism, the Catholic Dictionary and some other standard reference works. They are all invaluable at times; they keep me straight on matters of doctrine.

But when I need facts and figures on the Catholic Church in a hurry, there is one book I turn to first. It goes by the name of The National Catholic Almanac, and it's a tragedy of modern America that more people don't know about it. The Almanac is a convenient, 800-page book with a thorough-going index that makes research a pleasure instead of a chore.

A few months ago, I mentioned the Almanac in an article and was deluged with requests for more information. The requests were all referred to the St. Anthony Guild Press in Paterson, New Jersey, publishers of this remarkable volume. For just a few dollars, any Catholic family can have this one-volume reference library in its home. If your

book shelves are small, or if your budget is even smaller, there is still no reason to be without the Almanac, which will provide answers to most of the questions you have. It is not as complete as specialized works of reference, naturally, but it covers the whole range of Catholic subjects and is especially good on current figures. Most standard works quickly go out of date when it comes to figures.

The cloth-bound Almanac is a handsome thing which will grace your library shelves, but the paper-bound copy is just as complete, and what is more important, just as useful. For this is a book which is meant to be used, and the pity is that more Catholic families don't use it.

For a time, I kept the famous World Almanac and the newer Information Please Almanac in my library along with the Catholic Almanac. All three are good, but I found out the Catholic Almanac covered most of the subjects in the other two books—and covered the Catholic field as well. One book now does the work of three.

There are really two noteworthy features about this remarkable book. One is the index, which is complete, intelligent and designed so that you find what you want to know in a hurry. The second is a series of feature articles, which stimulate reading. In every-day language, the Almanac has gathered explanations of such difficult subjects as birth control, ethics in public life, the liturgy of the Church and dozens more. Dip into the book at any page and you are soon fascinated. One article leads to another; one factual reference to a dozen more you should know, but don't.

A copy really ought to be in every guest room, because it's a wonderful bedside companion. It's just the thing to read for a few minutes before you go to

sleep—although like many good bedside books, it may keep you reading longer than you intended.

ST. ANTHONY'S GUILD has been publishing the Almanac since 1936. Before that, it was published by Franciscans in other places, and it is now in its 50th year. The staff for this monumental production job is really quite small. In Paterson, Father Felician Foy, O.F.M., serves as editor. He has two lay assistants, who do writing and research.

The rest of the work is done in Washington, D.C., by between 20 and 30 volunteers from the theology students of Holy Name College. Under the guidance of student editors, this staff does the research, collects the information and writes the articles.

Washington is an ideal city for compiling information about the Catholic Church in America. The National Catholic Welfare Council is there. So are the libraries of Catholic University of America and Georgetown University, the great Library of Congress, and the libraries of the seminaries of several religious orders.

You might think that a standard volume like an Almanac was really pretty much the same from year to year. The truth is that any almanac is no good unless it is kept up-to-date. Catholic truths don't change, but the number of Catholics in any given American city does. The editors say that at least 25 per cent of each issue is brand new, and that between 60 and 70 per cent must be re-set by the printer each year.

The work goes on all during the year. As one Almanac is finished, another starts. By June, much of the standard information is ready, to be revised as the months pass. Last year, the printer was busy from October until December,

printing the book in 64-page forms on the giant presses of St. Anthony's Guild.

Franciscans have been turning out this book since 1904, with the exception of three years during the '30's. The first book was "St. Anthony's Almanac," and contained 64 pages of factual and inspirational material. By 1931, the volume measured 320 pages and was called "The Franciscan Almanac."

The one piece of information I could not locate in the Catholic Almanac was its own circulation. But in a recent issue of The Catholic Press Directory, I learned that the paid circulation was ten thousand copies. Since there are now officially over 331,600,000 Catholics in America, the circulation is still small. Catholics need to be told about this wonder-book. There are more than 10,000 Catholic elementary and high schools alone in the United States; each one deserves an Almanac. "Deserves" is a good word to use, and if your Holy Name Society wants to do a small piece of Catholic Action for little cost, it might ask the parish sisters if they would like a copy of the Almanac.

One valid reason for family use of the Almanac is the need for a well-informed laity. It is a significant trend in American affairs that non-Catholics are becoming increasingly more conscious of the Catholic Church. Reluctant to visit the rectory or convent, they turn to their nearest Catholic acquaintance for information. That person may be you, and you should be able to provide answers for a sincere non-Catholic. After all, that simple act may be the first step to conversion, and then you'll be sharing in the apostolic work as we're all supposed to.

How does the Almanac help? Well, suppose your friend sees the movie "Martin Luther" and asks you what an indulgence really is. The Almanac has a nice explanation in less than half a page.

Suppose your friend is bothered by the Church's stand on divorce and annulments and so on. A few minutes with the Almanac will let you give an authoritative explanation. You won't be an expert on these social problems, but you'll have the Church's attitude summed up in a very usable and helpful way.

If you're looking for a Catholic college for your children, or trying to learn something about your own patron saint, or seeking out a good Catholic magazine—the Almanac is the place to start looking. Incidentally, if you have ambitions to write for Catholic magazines (and thousands of us seem to), a section called "The Catholic Writers' Market" tells you all you have to know to start.

The trouble with any article about The

National Catholic Almanac is that the writer gets so enthusiastic he wants to report everything that is in the book. He can't do that without getting to be a bore. The only answer is to look at the Almanac for yourself, and then marvel at the way in which so many facts are presented without the slightest hint of monotony.

That's one of the greatest achievements of this whole work!

A TRUE MAN — BY DEFINITION

by Joseph P. Laruffa

The word man is defined by the dictionary as "a male person who is manly." And the adjective manly in turn is defined as one "possessing the characteristics of a *True Man*." Now, a true man is strong. He is loyal. A man's man is fearless, chivalrous and courageous. A true man is honest. He is honorable; a gentleman.

Are we men of strength; possessing an iron will and moral courage? Or are we mere moral jellyfishes, giving in to all our base passions and lustful desires? He alone is truly a man, he who conquers himself, who triumphs over his passions, his lusts, his greeds.

Are we loyal to Cross and Flag? Are we constant in the performance of our duties as Christians, citizens, parents? Are we, as real men are, willing to undergo any sacrifice, no matter how great, rather than prove traitor to God or Country?

Do we act courageously when pain or misfortune happen to hit us or those we love? Or are we always complaining and moaning? In short, do we show that we are men or cry-babies when the going gets a little tough?

Are we fearless, brave? Or do we spinelessly follow the crowd, fearing ridicule and scoffing? Do we use foul, vile or indecent language, because we don't dare to be different; afraid perhaps of being called a "holy Joe" if we don't. Do we curse, swear, or use the name of Almighty God in vain, because the crowd does? Why don't we show that real men don't make use of bad or filthy language; they don't swear or use profanity. It is rather the weaklings and the cowards that have a bad tongue.

Are we honest and fair? Are we just in our dealings with our fellow men? Do we refuse to take unfair advantages? Are we honorable? Do we refuse to lie, slander, gossip, flatter?

Finally, and above all, are we gentlemen? There are many fine qualities that are the proper characteristics of a gentleman, and we can not go into them all here. But let us see if we can stand the test on this one important point: how do we regard the towering mysteries of parenthood? A man who is a man in fact has a very high regard for the mysteries of life. He never thinks of degrading them. He respects womanhood; he has a reverence, a certain indefinable awe, for all the members of the opposite sex. A true man is ever pure in thought, word and deed!

A true man is a male who is a gentleman, and makes it easy for other males to be gentlemen, and females to be ladies.

There's nothing like a man—a *true man*, that is. Pray to be one at all times! And you will greatly please the Son of Man and His Mother, the Woman.

the current scene

frank j. ford

Matter of Record

It is the contention of Msgr. Matthew Smith, editor of the *Denver Register*, that many of the arguments one finds for modern educational and other fads would never be swallowed by the people who defend them "if they knew a little history."

"It is simply not true, for instance," declares Msgr. Smith, "that the Founding Fathers were so secularistic as some modern materialists and empty-headed sectarians claim they were. Most people do not know that the lack of religion in education came long after the founders of the republic were dead. There always was controversy in American politics, but there was no such disregard for fundamental principles and natural rights as one finds some parading today under a pretense that academic freedom means one can do anything."

"There always have been adventurers, ignoramuses, and charlatans in American life, but it has not always been possible to get an audience simply with loud shouting and hypnotic repetition of the same catch phrases, as such as we see happening with even educators, journalists, and some sectarian clergymen today. Past problems of the United States, especially the long battle over slavery, and the ghastly Civil War, were hideous at times. Our difficulties are no worse today, I assure you. Despite deceit and brazen devilry on the part of certain elements in the population, there was, however, a strong undercurrent of real devotion to the principles of the American republic and things worked out all right. Too many of the modern intelligentsia are losing the American

love of principles. Neither morals nor truths have objective reality in their cracked way of thinking."

How's the Patient Today?

A fever thermometer has been invented which is supposed to make an accurate recording of a person's temperature in seven seconds. The instrument has the additional advantage that the nurse doesn't have to come around to the bedside to read it, for it can telegraph its findings to her office a block away.

Remarking on the announcement, the *Chicago Tribune* notes, "The comment is so obvious that we expect everyone has made it, but still we can't resist pointing out that what is needed in the way of thermometers is one that will not work if the patient has to be awakened at 5 in the morning to have it popped into his mouth. Probably most patients would settle for a thermometer with phonographic attachment, that would tell the nurse to go climb a tree and then would play 'Please go 'way and let me sleep.'"

"And one thing more: What has given the inventor the notion that the nurse's office is only a block away from the patient? We have heard many an honest man and woman, while speaking of operations, describe incidents that make it altogether clear that at least a 15 minute walk is required to bring angel of mercy to the door. The inventor had better lengthen those telegraph wires."

Present Danger

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, gravely warns that "a bitter attack is being waged on Churches in this

country by secret Communists. Nothing would please the Communists more than to see dissension, quarrels, and misunderstandings among religious groups. All who believe in the God of their fathers are the acknowledged enemies of the Communists. The campaign against religion is carried on under different guises and on various fronts, and is so subtle that it sometimes escapes the notice of even the most discerning souls. At this very moment, secret Communists are seeking to establish themselves in Churches, civic groups, and labor unions known for their resistance to Communism over the years, as well as in other established and respected groups."

Too Much Advice

A note from a publisher to columnist Sydney J. Harris informing him that he would shortly receive a review copy of "The Encyclopedia of Child Care and Guidance," a 1,000-page book "containing everything a parent needs to know about children from before birth to adolescence," brings from Harris the following acrid observations:

"This," he declares, "is the most devastating literary claim that has been made since Joseph Smith discovered the *Book of Mormon* written on plates of gold. And the thoughtless arrogance of this claim is in perfect key with our modern assumption that the secrets of successful living can somehow be discovered within the covers of a book—if only we could find the 'right' book. Our pathetic reliance on outside instruction has caused the most severe and general

breakdown of domestic life that any nation has ever suffered. Some time ago I offered the paradox of the modern American family: That mothers have more labor-saving devices and fewer responsibilities than ever before—and yet, increasing numbers continue to collapse from strain and fatigue.

"It seems plain to me, on further examination of the subject, that the modern mother has abdicated her common sense and has cravenly surrendered to the so-called *expert* in child care. All the new schools of psychology—some of them valuable, no doubt—have created terrific conflicts and uncertainties in her mind. When the experts fail to agree, or when they change their authoritarian decrees every half a dozen years, what sane and stable course can the trembling and bewildered young mother follow with children? She is admonished to be more lenient, and urged to be more strict. She is warned that the child must be allowed more security, but also more liberty. She is rebuked for giving too much love, and castigated for not giving enough.

"Most of all, she has been frightened to death by the imputation that her attitudes and habits during the child's infancy may wreck its life forever—and she thereby becomes a palpitating mass of fears, frustrations and guilt feelings. The human race cannot be educated beyond its depth at any given time. The woman who knows nothing about *scientific* child care is better off than the woman who knows so much that she doesn't know what is right. An encyclopedia can never be a substitute for self-confidence, cheerfulness, and a prayer that you will be lucky."

Setting the Matter Straight

Writing on the subject of anti-obscenity laws, and calling for Congressional action against the use of the mails for obscene pocket books, magazines, films, and crime comics, Father Paul Hallett notes that "There is a genuine fear, among many groups of

people, who are ignorant of the extent of the damage done by the traffic in immoral books, that, once 'censorship' is applied, deep inroads will have been made into liberty of expression. These people have no sympathy with objectionable prints, but they seem to think that it is an evil that must be tolerated in order to avoid the worse evil of suppression of freedom.

"Those who resist effective postal legislation on these grounds," points out Father Hallett, "do not stop to think how widespread and matter-of-course is 'censorship' in countries universally acknowledged to be democratic. Crime comics, for example, are not allowed in Sweden, to which liberals love to point as an example of a free state. They are not allowed in Great Britain, which also has film censorship with teeth in it. As a matter of fact, Dr. Frederic Wertham, whose *Seduction of the Innocent* has done yeoman service in bringing to light the evils of the crime-horror comic, points out that there is no more question of censorship in the suppression of filth than in the federal law forbidding a manufacturer to advertise an adulterated product as pure, or to sell habit-forming drugs under the label of patent medicine. There is about as much 'expression' in the one as in the other. Further, when J. Edgar Hoover and the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges declare that horror and sex magazines are the prime cause of the increase of juvenile delinquency it is time to act."

We're Ace High With Scots

In refreshing contrast to the criticisms so frequently leveled at our service men stationed in Britain, is a letter from Angus J. McHardy of Aberdeen, Scotland. "Some Americans, I fear," says Angus, "are inclined to confuse us with England, but what the natives of perfidious Albion may say or think does not mean that the not-so-dour Scotchmen think the same. For example, take the great and too generous Marshall plan which

England accepted with, as many Scotsmen think, too little gratitude—and the everlasting bawling by the British press about the barbarous capers of the American lads in uniform.

"Well, let me tell you also the opinion we in Scotland have of your service men. They are a credit to any dad or mum, and to the country that has the honor of having them serve under its flag. Many of your boys are stationed at Renfrew airport. At Christmas they gave most of their pay away to provide presents and comforts to the aged, sick, and children. When they leave Scotland, I know they will leave many sorrowing and grateful friends, who have been proud and glad to know them. Their kindness, generosity, and good humor will forever be a treasured memory."

You Pay Your 30 Cents—

The latest annual budget of the United Nations was \$50,539,000, of which the United States, one of 60 members, pays 35.12 per cent. This figures out to a price of this effort to prevent war of about 30 cents a year for each of the 62 million workers in the United States.

By coincidence, the Government Printing Office is offering, priced at 30 cents, a document on how to build a basement shelter against atomic attack. There would seem to be considerable skepticism as to whether the 30-cent investment in United Nations will pay off.

The Perfect Squelch

Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, draft director, tells of a college student who asked an Ohio draft board for deferment consideration because he was taking a course in horseshoeing. The board sent the young man the following pithy message by return mail: "Report to your draft board without your forge and anvil. Horse shoes are no longer needed, since the horse cavalry is dead. The army has a number of well-trained clerks, ready and anxious to fit a pair of shoes on *you*."

From The Inside Out

by Gene Brown

How punishing a debt must our prisoners pay to society?

A DARK CLOUD of smoke settled across the prison yard and flames issued forth from the laundry into the evening dusk. In the library, books were torn and strewn about on the floor. Bits of shattered glass filled the halls and the chapel, the prisoners' only place of comfort, was virtually destroyed. On April 20, 1952, Southern Michigan Prison witnessed the worst riot in the history of the United States. Eighteen hundred convicts ran wild over the fifty-six acres of one of our largest walled prisons. The destruction lasted almost ninety-three hours and caused five thousand dollars worth of damage.

Convicts do not riot because they like to fight. They know the price they must pay: loss of time off, curtailing of certain privileges, the "hole," or beatings. There are underlying causes for these riots. What are they?

Men of the old penal school of thought feel that you can humanize anti-social individuals by caging them like animals. The public goes along with this idea too, that locking a man up will make him want to be a better prisoner. Nothing is farther from the truth. To force men to live in a social vacuum causes evil because men are left to contend with the errors of others. John Gillin in his book, *Taming the Criminal*, states concerning men in prison, "Man is a social animal; his social impulses should not be denied him. If he cannot keep intact the ties which bind him on the outside, he is forced back to a community of spirit with those within." True, prisons do protect society by putting the prisoner physically out of circulation, but what of

the ninety-five percent of our prison inmates who eventually return to society to start anew? There society's stake in prisons is enormous, for the years a man spends in prison may be the most important ones of his life. Here lies society's chance to change him from an embittered criminal to a law-abiding citizen.

A prisoner should be taught the value of responsibility because when he returns to society there is going to be no one to discipline him except his own conscience. Will playing cards or shooting dice in prison aid him to assume his responsibilities, or will he have developed a good moral character which will help him shoulder the abuses he is going to receive?

From this problem we can see that men must be classified into groups, which will provide them with the ability to adjust themselves faster, mature more rapidly and learn to work in harmony with others. Hardened criminals must be separated from those who are trying to reform, because they cast a shadow on the function of a prison. These hardened criminals display an unwillingness to cooperate and they influence others around them. Criminals with weak characters follow these so called "big shots" and before long a riot takes place.

PENAL institutions reflect in their construction and architecture the attitude of society towards them. The demand for security has been met generally by unscalable walls, stone or steel cells, complicated locking devices and the appear-

ance of a bastille type building. The prisons of the United States are today substantially what they were in 1830 as regards architecture, and practically all the American prisons are of the same construction. The chief improvement consists in ingenious devices for opening and closing all the doors of an entire tier of cages with one motion. One of the most outstanding examples of this theory is the prison called Alcatraz. "Alcatraz is a twelve acre strong-box where human ingenuity has utilized the latest inventions of modern science to cage efficiently the nation's most dangerous desperadoes and escape artists. It is an extraordinary maze of steel, concrete, and barbed wire within which the inmates move like highly regimented robots under the eyes of alert guards," writes Albert Deutsch in *Look*.

Such strict confinement breeds resentment and escape plots. As one prisoner summed up the picture, "From inside the prison, if you look to the distance all you see is the wall and the sky; they meet; there is nothing in between." In Joliet Prison in Illinois, at one of the gates there is a round steel bulge pierced by gun ports, which is almost a duplicate of a fortress used in the civil war days. One warden declared concerning prison buildings, "Prisons should be so constructed that their aspects be terrifying, dark, and comfortless abodes of guilt and wretchedness."

Prisons are usually constructed like giant bastilles so there will not be any possibility of escapes. But the main problem does not lie chiefly in the fact that the buildings are of this nature, but

rather in the overcrowded living conditions which exist in these institutions. According to nationally accepted standards advocated by the American Prison Association, no penal institution should contain more than twelve hundred inmates. In Southern Michigan Prison at Jackson there are about 6,490 convicts crowded into a space for 4,827. Is it any wonder that they had a prison riot a year ago? Also in Joliet Prison, Illinois, it was reported that the prison is nearly one hundred percent overcrowded and the conditions as John Martin reported are: "If one wants to pace the floor, the other must stay in bed. If one wants to use the tiny top of the chest of drawers, the only furniture, to write a letter, the other cannot. If one wants to move from the cell door to the toilet at the rear, the other has to get into bed to let him pass; there is no privacy in prison."

The conditions that exist in our prisons are deplorable. In the Utah State prison known as "Sugar House," the prison was one hundred percent overcrowded. In this prison men slept in the filth of the boiler rooms and passageways, and there were forty men to one bathroom. One prisoner when changed to the new prison in Utah remarked, "In thirteen years I've never had it so good."

A 147-year-old security fortress is being used in Charleston, Massachusetts. Inmates carry food to their cells because there is no dining hall. Toilet facilities consist of a bucket in the corner of the cell.

In Michigan, the cell is referred to as the "hole" where prisoners are confined behind steel walls in which every opening is a small shutter about the size of a letter slot. The lighting system and the ventilation is inadequate. With such conditions in our penal institutions, prisoners will never be stimulated to rehabilitate themselves.

BEFORE anyone can be changed, his temporal needs must first be supplied, a fact which must be taken into consideration in our penal system. The grade or quality of food which prisoners receive daily is a great cause of consternation

among inmates. The money set aside for food expenditure is very low and as a result the prisoners suffer.

Budgets for meals in the state prisons range from thirty-seven cents a day, per prisoner, in the south, to sixty cents per prisoner in Michigan. This sixty cent figure is only one-half of what the army spends on its rations. Figured on the average, the money is about sixteen cents per meal for each convict. This amount hardly is enough to buy a man a cup of coffee. In fact two riots occurred in a New Jersey prison because of the food inmates were receiving. Another instance of a riot in which the men would not agree to calm down, unless they were served a steak dinner and not "an institutional dinner with institutional food," occurred in Michigan. In a third riot men complained, "We don't like the steward who can't boil water."

With food budgets so low, the food is hastily prepared and sometimes the meat is hardly cooked. Weevils in the oatmeal, a piece of tainted meat, or a batch of soggy bread, may be common in the lives of poor people. But in prison where men are constantly on edge, it seems natural for them to nurse a grudge and complain about these things. Certainly a prisoner deserves, like any other human being, good solid nourishment.

In every prison the life is pretty much the same, men file out into endless processions of khaki or blue uniforms. There are lines of men marching back and forth at about the same time every day. There is no variety in the life of a prisoner; he has to rise at certain times, be on the job at another specified time and that is the manner of his days in prison. The blue uniforms and the greyness of the prison walls reflect the monotony of a prisoner's life. Prisoners need more freedom in order to rehabilitate themselves, so that they may develop as individuals and accept their responsibilities.

In Chino, California, a new prison has been built which is different from any other prison because it has no bars or walls. Kenyon J. Schudder, who first started the prison, feels that men should be given more freedom so that they may

be responsible for their own behavior. When new men come in, he points out the barbed wire on the fence and says: "If you try to bang out of here, it will be a cinch. Just throw your jacket over the barbed wire and you won't even scratch yourself. I know that's a temptation, but when you leave here a free man you're going to face a lot of temptations. Unless you keep in practice now, you'll give in. And then you'll be in the stir again."

One prisoner said of the freedom: "Somehow when everything is open, you just don't think about escaping. Chances are you'd get caught soon anyway, get transferred to a tough prison, lose your chance to learn something useful, and lose lots of self respect. What's the percentage? When I get out of here, I want to feel like a free man."

Therefore it would appear that men would gain more from freedom and not from such regimentation as is practised in many of our prisons today.

An additional aspect of regimentation is the idea of the same haircut and the idea of calling men by numbers instead of by name. Prisoners are human beings and should be treated as such. One ex-prisoner in a letter to his former warden, revealed what such an apparently minor thing can mean to a prison inmate.

"Believe me, warden," he wrote, "the sweetest sound in the world is not the friendly noise of our neighborhood, or the money rattling around in my jeans for the first time in five years, or even the noises of my kids. Its having somebody call me, 'Bill' without the damn D-1077."

Another cause of riots is the fact that prisoners have not been taught the worthy value of their leisure time. When they are left to play alone with their imagination and have nothing to do but stare at grey stone walls, they begin to get depressed and many men lose their minds. Actually more than fifty percent of today's prisoners in state institutions are demoralized and become ripe for riot. When a warden says that seventy-five percent of the prisoners are working he means there are four men to one job. This idleness is one of the most

destructive forces at work on a man in prison.

The only way to correct this problem is to offer more education for those who have time lying heavy on their hands, or to give them some type of learning which will enliven their interests in some work and be beneficial to the prisoner himself.

How are criminals going to become fit to return to society as men with some intelligence, when about one-fifth of the prisons have no schools, and about three-fifths have only a few classes taught? Every man should have a chance to learn and educational facilities in penal institutions need improvement.

A. H. McCormick studied the education system in the prisons and he reported:

"... A one-hundred-and-thirty dollar a month guard is in charge of the education work in a three thousand man penitentiary; men studying in the prison of one of the wealthiest states in the country by the light of fifteen watt bulbs; rules forbidding prisoners attending schools to have writing material of any kind in their cells; schools that are nothing but dumping grounds for the industries, places of temporary sojourn for men who have not yet been assigned to work, or convenient roosting places for yard gangs that are called occasionally to unload cars of coal and other supplies. ..."

It is no wonder that prisoners lie idle all day; certainly such conditions are not conducive to training or learning. Prisoners also feel the uselessness of educating themselves or learning some skill, when they know they will be rejected by society. Both of these situations prey upon the prisoner's mind until he cannot hold on any longer and then a riot starts as an outlet for his cramped emotions.

A final problem which still exists in our prisons today and which heads the list of grievances, is the brutal treatment inflicted on the men by wardens and guards. Such punishment does not create any feeling of good will between a prisoner and a warden. In one instance thirty-seven convicts of the Louisiana

State Penitentiary chanted the "heel string boogie," and slashed their heels in a protest against the brutal treatment they were receiving. These men cut their heels with razors in order to attract attention to their case. The convicts said the guards were beating them with water soaked ropes and clubs and they just could not stand it any longer.

Another example of brutality on the part of the guards was reported in a penitentiary in Colorado: "It was a summer day when fifty guards and officials formed a ring around five prisoners in the penitentiary yard. The prisoners were stripped and forced to keep their hands above their heads. Occasionally a guard knocked down a prisoner and then kicked him. The sun was so hot that the men's feet began to blister from the pavement. Sweat from their bodies formed tiny pools, but whenever one of the men tried to cool his seared feet, he was forced back into the dry hot pavement. After about one half hour of this the five men were pushed into the prison gym. The convicts were then chained

and lashed. The various officers took turns wielding the whip, a six-inch wide leather belt. After each man had received about five lashes, the men were unchained, stretched out on the floor, while a guard whipped the bare soles of their feet with the strap."

Even though men are considered to be "tough as nails" how much can one man take? Have they not a right to rebel against being treated as animals instead of human beings?

We can help prisoners banish the idea that in prison life is just time, stretching bleakly and endlessly ahead, only if society realizes that a criminal is not a social outcast to be punished, but one to be helped. Then when a prisoner believes this, it is up to the government to alleviate his problems by setting aside more money, so that living conditions may be improved, a better system of education introduced, and community projects started to see that released men are accepted by society. After all a prisoner has paid his debt to society; must he still pay more?

OUR DIRECTOR GENERAL

(Continued from page 3.)

burgh. The writer asked our Dominican Vicar to accept, as General Director of the Society throughout the world, patronage of the Convention. We pray his blessing upon the great Holy Name endeavor and we urge his prayers for all the Holy Name men of America who will sacrifice labor and time for the success of the Convention.

In acknowledging our letter, the Acting General first of all congratulated the Most Reverend Bishop John F. Dearden, D.D., for graciously inviting the Holy Name Convention to the Diocese of Pittsburgh. In his reply to me he stated that he felt certain that that See would be a most genial host and that much good ought to be effected through the meetings, the Holy Hour and the parade of the Convention. Finally, our Acting General stated that he would gladly act as patron of the Convention, saying

that he would pray earnestly for its success and for our efforts in extending the worship of Our Saviour and promoting a greater reverence for the Most Holy Name by all Holy Name men in the country.

We know that the Bishops, Archdiocesan and Diocesan Holy Name Directors, as well as the officers and men of the Society will be pleased at the acceptance of this invitation by the Vicar General. That is the reason for this short notice to our Holy Name members. We feel certain that they will remember our General in their prayers for the success, not only of his work with the Confraternity throughout the world, but also for all the other endeavors he undertakes for promoting the cause of Christ, Holy Mother the Church and the sanctification of souls.

Action on the Parish Front

A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by Fred A. Muth

AS WE, the officers of our parish Holy Name Society, pause again to work out an outstanding program for our Society, the thought comes to us that it would be wonderful if Catholic men would rally around the banner of the Holy Name each month without being tantalized by some special and attractive program. It seems to us, sometimes, that all that should have to be done is to announce the fact that Holy Name Sunday is approaching. This, it seems, should suffice to bring all men in line to show love, honor and respect for the person and name of our great leader, Christ. But, as you and I know it is not so. As officers we must constantly work out attractive programs and crafty messages of invitation which will attract as many of our fellows as possible. This is part of our job as officers. We have a great spiritual commodity to sell and we are determined to wrap it up in as fancy a package as possible for those who insist upon being coaxed to buy. We must, however, keep in mind at all times that our Society is a Confraternity of the Church and that we are primarily interested in assisting our neighbor in the all important task of sanctifying his life. Hence our programs and our approach must always be in keeping with the spiritual objectives of our organization. Each month, therefore, we search for a spiritual theme for our programming operation. The month of December is no exception. So, settle back and scan these few columns for helpful suggestions in working out another chapter in your Holy Name year of activity and progress.

December Program

December is the month during which we commemorate the birthday of our leader, Christ. It is only logical that an organization dedicated to loving, honoring and respecting the name and person of Christ should in a special way observe the birthday of its leader. Every Holy Name Society in this vast land should make a concerted effort to secure a record breaking attendance of Holy Name men at their December Mass and Communion. Invite every man of the parish to join ranks with the Holy Name Society on the second Sunday of December to rededicate his life to Christ. And in what greater way could we observe the Birthday of Christ, Christmas, than to walk together hand in hand with our fellow Holy Name men to the altar rail to receive the Holy Eucharist. There's our spiritual motivation for the month. There's our theme for the month. There's our monthly sales pitch for those who seem to need an extra incentive.

The Christmas season with its implication of presenting gifts to those we love and respect suggests an activity in keeping with the religious festival and with our theme for the month. The Holy Name Society is dependant upon the inspiration and leadership of the Ordinary of the Diocese, the Bishop. The Holy Name Society is near and dear to the heart of the Ordinary of your Diocese because he realizes that the spiritual motivation of our great Confraternity will help men in the sanctification of their souls, his chief responsibility as shepherd of his Diocese. Hence, would-

n't it be fitting at Christmas time for the Holy Name men of every parish in the land to remember their local Ordinary in a special way. Let's call December *Local Ordinary Month*. Let's make December one of the banner months of our activities year.

Local Ordinary Month

An extraordinary effort should be made to reach every available man in the parish during the two weeks period preceding Holy Name Sunday in December. An invitation should be extended to him to join the ranks of the Society at the Communion Mass. Be sure to arrange with your spiritual director that such an invitation is extended from the pulpit at all the Masses on the preceding Sunday. Your spiritual director might be interested in your preparing a short announcement for him, something along the following lines:

Next Sunday is Holy Name Sunday. The Holy Name Society will receive Communion in a body at the 7:30 o'clock Mass. Every man in the parish is requested to attend the 7:30 o'clock Mass with the Society and to offer his Communion for the special intention of our beloved Bishop. A spiritual bouquet of Holy Communions from the Holy Name men will be presented to the Bishop as a Christmas gift. Let's all cooperate with the officers of the Society by being in line at 7:15 next Sunday when the procession will form at the school and make its way to Church.

Why not send a post card to all the men of the parish also, and in this way get our invitation into every home in the parish? What will you put on the card? Why not something like this:

"CALLING ALL MEN"

Holy Name Sunday—December 12th
Communion Mass—7:30 A.M.

Please join the procession from school at 7:15 A.M.

BREAKFAST MEETING IMMEDIATELY AFTER MASS

Offer your Communion as a spiritual bouquet for our Bishop

You might even send a note home through the school children, as we recommend for Holy Name promotions. Ask each child in school to take home a little note inviting their dads to be present on that Sunday. In other words, use every available means at your disposal to get the word to the men of your parish. Success will crown your every effort. Make a count of all in attendance on the second Sunday and procure a suitable spiritual bouquet card upon which can be inscribed the number of men who have offered their Communion for the intention of the Bishop and present this card to him as a Christmas gift.

Your Monthly Meeting

The monthly meeting of your Society is always important. All the business of the organization must be taken care of at this monthly meeting and the general membership must be kept informed on Holy Name activity. The December meeting, however, over and above the normal run of business can be used to present a special Christmas program. Here are a few helpful suggestions in planning such a Christmas program:

Decorate your meeting hall with a bit of Christmas atmosphere. How about setting up a Christmas crib or a lighted Christmas tree in your meeting hall.

Community singing of Christmas carols always lends a spirit of true yule time joy. Arrange with the choir director of your parish to lead this community singing.

3. Present a few Christmas gifts to those who served the Society well in the past. You ought to consider first and foremost your spiritual director. Then how about those who serve your breakfasts each month? Some of the officers should be remembered.
4. Since a successful Holy Name meeting always blends spiritual, educational, business and entertainment features in the proper proportion, an outstanding speaker would enhance your Christmas meeting.

Speaking of Gifts

In considering ideas for the simple remembrances we mentioned above, be sure to look into the many Holy Name supply items that would be very appropriate. Some wonderful ideas, all with a Holy Name Society flavor, are the new Holy Name rosaries, the new Holy Name insigne rings, Holy Name key rings, Holy Name tie clasps, Holy Name Christopher auto plaques, Holy Name cuff links and many others. All of these items can be secured from National Headquarters or from your local Diocesan Holy Name Union office.

Have you ever thought of making up a Holy Name gift box for your spiritual director? You could place the following items in such a box—Spiritual Director's Handbook, In His Name Manual, Holy Name button, cuff links, key ring, auto

plaque. A gift box of this type would be very appropriate and would be appreciated by the director. Similar boxes could be made up for officers and members. And don't forget—you couldn't present a finer gift to any man than a gift subscription to the *Holy Name Journal*. While many of these things smack of the commercial observance of Christmas, they can all be used effectively to promote a greater loyalty and appreciation of the Society and lead men eventually through it to a greater degree of personal sanctity.

Correlating Committee Activity

In the promotion of any of the Holy Name programs or activities it is well to keep in mind the fact that the individual work of the various committees that function within our Society framework can be strengthened and brought to fruition at one and the same time. All committees should be alerted to each of our programs and activities so that they can correlate their work with the program at hand. For example, the membership committee will have a splendid opportunity to further its work of increasing the membership rolls at a Christmas program such as outlined above. Men will attend an activity of this kind who otherwise never show up. These men can be contacted and "sold" on the spot. Retreat committees will have an opportunity to explain their wonderful program to a large audience of men at a special occasion of this kind. A literature committee can further its program by briefly reporting to the membership from time to time the direction of its efforts and the help the membership could give. The correlation of committee work should, therefore, be kept constantly in mind for smooth functioning Holy Name activity.

Preview for December

January is our Patronal Feast Month. We shall try in these columns next issue to present some helpful suggestions in working out a suitable observance of this occasion. Let's keep our Society growing by providing bigger and better programs each month so as to attract more men to Christ.

SPARKY SAYS



**No Ordinary Extension
Cords on Heaters, Irons!**

Don't give fire a place to start!

SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

There are two days this month that call for an extra moment of prayer and meditation: Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day. The hectic turmoil of the sports world should be hushed for a few moments on Armistice Day to sound taps again for the athletes who gave their lives in World War I and II. The roll call of those athletes who lost their lives in WW I are not available to this writer at the moment. Actually they predate him. Unrecalled, perhaps, but certainly not forgotten.

We do know, however, that more than 800 professional and amateur athletes made the supreme sacrifice in the War against Japan and Germany which started some 13 years ago. Names like Nile Kinnick, Charlie Paddock, Joe Hunt, Torger Togle, Tommy Hitchcock and Al Blozis head the list.

Co-incidentally, it was on Armistice Day, 1939, that Kinnick, the great All-American back from Iowa, scored all of the Hawkeyes' points, to give his team a 7-6 victory over Notre Dame. Actually it was Kinnick's 72-yard punt late in the game that clinched the win for Iowa. That happened exactly 15 years ago. Kinnick, one of many football stars who perished in the war, was a Navy ensign who died heroically in a Caribbean airplane crash.

Then there's Al Blozis, the great All-American tackle at Georgetown, national indoor and outdoor shot-put champion and a pro grid star with the New York Giants.

Blozis, a 6-foot, 6-inch athlete weighing 245 pounds, was too big for the Army, but he wrangled his way in anyway. Though he was given a desk job, he declined for a combat

post. Al loved football. So intense was his feeling for the sport that he spent his final leave in 1944 playing for his beloved Giants. A little more than a month later he was dead.

When one of his patrols was missing in the Vosges Mountains, Lieut. Blozis did not send his men out to search for them. Instead he went himself, plunging through waist-high snow and a raging blizzard. It was a mission of no return. German machine gun fire felled the heroic giant. Today Georgetown has an Al Blozis Memorial Trophy. It is awarded to the Hoya undergraduate who tops all others in athletic ability, scholarship and extra-curricular activities.

Other famous football players who made the supreme sacrifice were Capt. Waddy Young, Oklahoma end and later member of the Brooklyn Dodgers pro team. He died in the first B-29 bombing of Tokyo; Tommy Howie, star Citadel halfback, who met his fate in the battle of St. Lo. Known as the Major of St. Lo, his troops carried his body into that Normandy city he vowed to capture. And his troops kept that vow for him. Lieut. Jack Chevigny, Notre Dame quarterback and later Irish and Texas University coach, died on Iwo Jima.

Practically every sport is represented on the WW II honor roll: major-and-minor league baseball, college and pro football, tennis, polo, hockey, soccer, handball, basketball, track and even bob-sledding.

In Togle and Hitchcock, death claimed the two greatest athletes this nation ever produced in their particular sport.

Togle, who died with the U. S. ski troops in the mountains of Italy, held 24 ski records at the time of his death.

Hitchcock, a 10-goal polo player for many years, died in a P-51 crash. He starred in many international matches.

Paddock, the original world's fastest human, was a Marine captain who succumbed on an assault landing on an island in the Pacific. He was to track what Babe Ruth was to baseball, Red Grange to football and Bobby Jones to golf.

Hunt was the national amateur singles tennis champion who died in a Navy plane crash at sea in February, 1945.

Two other track luminaries who also died in the war were Frank Cihel, Iowa's 1928 Olympic ace, and Bill Lyda, national 1/2-mile champion from Oklahoma.

Of the five major league baseball stars who perished, all were rookies: pitcher Eugene Stack of the Chicago White Sox, pitchers Forrest Brewer and Elmer Gedeon of Washington; catcher Ardys Keller of the then St. Louis Browns and infielder Franklin Schulz of Cleveland.

Some of the other top athletes on the list of war fatalities were: Daredevil Billy Fiske, captain of the 1932 and 1936 Olympic bobsled teams; handball champion Joe Garber; Ernie Holbrook, basketball coach at Southern California; also Billy Southworth, Jr., son of Billy Southworth, then manager of the Boston Braves.

Practically every sports fan heard or knew about the athletic exploits of the above heroes. There are many missing from this off-hand resume. Doubtless, too, there are many athletes from your own town or neighborhood who also lost their lives in the service.

Take time out this Armistice Day to remember them with a prayer. And

include, too, those heroes in Korea.

Don't forget, if it hadn't been for their heroism, living probably would have been mighty unpleasant in the U. S. A. today!

Thanksgiving Day Thoughts

The sports scene on Thanksgiving Day in recent years has shifted considerably. The No. 1 pastime, naturally, is the single and double-wing attack on the turkey, and all its trimming, adorning the dinner table.

From a sports angle, however, Thanksgiving Day also centers on college football's traditional games like those of Cornell and Pennsylvania. The pros also occupy the spotlight. And, in the evening, the citizenry of some cities are offered hockey or basketball games. And sometimes both.

There was a time in this country, however, when Thanksgiving Day was a big day for boxing bouts. But that was many, many years ago. There were two highly melodramatic fights on this particular occasion. One was the fabled Terry McGovern-Young Corbett battle in Hartford, Conn., some 40 years ago. McGovern, then feather-weight champion, was knocked out by Young Corbett's murderous right in the second round.

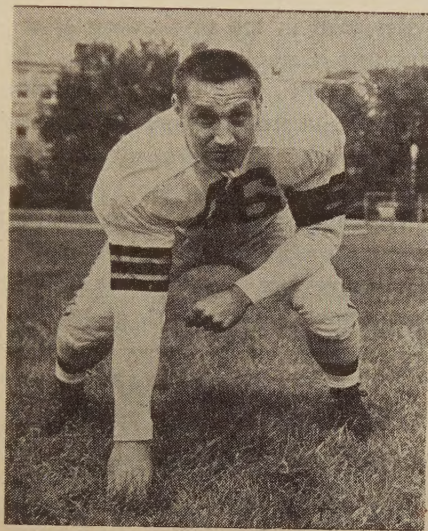
The other classic contest was between Stanley Ketchel, the middle-weight champion, and Billy Papke, a rugged challenger. That was in 1908. Papke took the title away from Ketchel by knocking him out in the twelfth round in Los Angeles, September 7, 1907. Then on Thanksgiving Day (November 26), 1908, Ketchel knocked out Papke in the eleventh round in San Francisco. It was an historic victory because it marked the first time that a modern boxing champion had regained his title.

That's the delightful tidbit which we pass out along to ring fans for a Thanksgiving Day thought. There were many other top bouts through the years on this festive occasion. But the above are considered by boxing authorities as the best.

Driscoll Scores A Scoop

Our good friend and former boss, Joe Driscoll, who is news editor of the *Union and Echo*, official newspaper of the Diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., is a newspaperman's newspaperman.

If that's confusing, let's just say that Joe is no arm-chair editor. Last September, when Marilyn Bell made sports history by swimming 32-miles across Lake Ontario from Youngstown, N. Y., to Toronto, Ontario, Driscoll scooped the national Catholic press. And here's how he did it.



Lou Groza

Scores with his kicking

Joe noted that the daily newspaper reports said Marilyn attended Loretto College in Toronto. He then found out that the school is conducted by the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, better known as the Ladies of Loretto. Sensing a possible Catholic angle, Editor Driscoll telephoned Mother Yvonne, principal of the Toronto School. And she told Joe:

"We are all happy at Marilyn's great accomplishment, for she is a wonderful girl who has done well in her studies and has always been a credit to the school." And here's what else Driscoll found out about the sensational 16-year-old youngster: Marilyn has been a student in a Catholic school in Toronto since she was in fourth grade. Though she is not a Catholic, nor is any member of her family, she

is a leader in student activities in her school.

Last year Marilyn was president of the school's glee club, took part in dramatics and was one of the finalists in the badminton tournament. When she returned to her classes in September, she entered the twelfth grade. That's equivalent to a senior in high school in the United States.

Marilyn's younger sister also was a student at the school but when the primary department was discontinued last year she transferred to another parochial school. Their parents are not Catholic but they evidently value Catholic education.

After 150,000 Torontoans accorded her a hero's parade in the downtown section of Toronto two days after her famous feat, Marilyn hurried to Loretto College to see her classmates. But naturally they weren't there. All were downtown for the parade. Marilyn had a long visit with her teachers instead and even sang a song for them.

Then Mother Gertrude sang the new song, "Marilyn," that had been written in her honor. It was the first time that Marilyn had heard it. She had arrived too late to hear it played at the Canadian National Exhibition during the reception in her honor.

Marilyn's 21-hour swim across 32-miles of cold, choppy water is already regarded as one of the greatest accomplishments in sport. She did what several other famous and more experienced swimmers were unable to do. Florence Chadwick, the nationally-noted English Channel conqueror, couldn't do it though she gave it a great effort.

Authorities claim that Marilyn actually swam 40 miles or more, because of the adverse currents and high waves that she had to fight. Those who know Marilyn say that she is the same lively, considerate and happy girl she was before she became famous.

So Editor Driscoll scooped the Catholic press on that historic occasion. It's that type of on-your-toes re-

porting that Catholic newspapers need today to captivate readers. Other editors please note and file for future reference.

Shaw On Quarterbacks

Buck Shaw, coach of the San Francisco 49-ers pro football team, is a little different from his coaching contemporaries in that he believes in letting his quarterback run the team and make the decisions on plays during a game.

Says Shaw: "The quarterback, in our case Y. A. Tittle, is in much better position than myself or the press box coaches to know what is liable to work best next. His intelligence, right from the men in the thick of the battle, is far better than mine, or that relayed to me from the far-off press box. As a matter of fact, I think the press box phones are greatly overrated."

At this writing, San Francisco is right up in the thick of the battle for its division championship. So Coach Shaw must have the right philosophy on quarterbacks at that!

Sports Merry-Go-Round

Of passing interest is the fact that one of the nation's top-college pass-receivers is a Kentucky end named Rushing!

Observation from Georgia's football coach, Bobby Dodds: "Don't ever pick a boy who looks like a football player. Ten-to-one he isn't. And if he isn't you'll never be able to explain to the alumni why he isn't."

Gil Stratton, Jr., the frail-looking, bespectacled son of Jarrin' Jack Jackson in the television comedy "That's My Boy," carries with him during each show the same hockey puck which he saved so many times for his old alma mater of St. Lawrence University, where he was goalie. That's for puck-luck, no doubt!

Dusty Rhodes, the New York Giants' pinch-hitting hero of the recent World Series, learned some of his hitting secrets from the Rev. J. M. Rafferty, who coached the Montgom-

ery (Alabama) Gaels in that city's semi-pro league. "It's Dusty's nonchalance up there in the Series that amazed me," said the priest. "Of course he was young when he played for me, only 16 or 17, but it's hard to believe this is the same kid. Dusty was hitting a long ball even then, but he was pulling too many potential homers toward the foul line. I showed him how to correct his stance."

Here's Hank Greenberg's lament: "The season lasted four games too long." For Cleveland, it was indeed a poor Indian summer!

Key man in the single-wing attack at North Catholic High School in Pittsburgh, Pa., is tailback Tim Rooney a senior, and son of owner Art Rooney of the Pittsburgh Steelers pro football team.

In Memoriam: The great Walter Johnson would have been 67-years-old, November 6. The memorable right-hander pitched 803 games and

won 413 for Washington in 21 years. That's probably a record for a player remaining with the same major league club. Johnson died December 10, 1946.

Lou Groza, the Cleveland Browns place-kicking specialist, never got his hands on the ball during the entire 1946 season, yet led the National Pro Football League in scoring. His field goals and point-after-touchdown conversions totaled 84 points for individual high scorer.

Too bad that the Sampson Air Force Base at Sampson, N. Y., doesn't have a football team. For a nucleus it would have Vito (Babe) Parelli of the Green Bay Packers, Don Steinbrunner of the Cleveland Browns, Dick Daugherty of the Los Angeles Rams and Tom Brookshire of the Philadelphia Eagles. These former pros are at Sampson as part of the two years of active duty to fulfill R.O.T.C. obligations.

NEWS AND VIEWS

(Continued from page 17.)

tion of Holy Communion on the second Sunday. The occasion for the banquet that followed, that evening in Chicopee, was the celebration of the Society's tenth anniversary.

On November 14, Holy Name Sunday, the Society of the parish of the Holy Name in that same Springfield Diocese will hold its Communion Breakfast. Then on November 21 there will be a Diocesan-wide Rally in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the closing of the Marian Year. This event will be held at three o'clock on the campus of Amherst College. We wish to extend to His Excellency Bishop Weldon, our congratulations on this renewed Holy Name activity in his Diocese, and we hope and pray that God will bless him for his efforts.

"Mahalo Nui Loa"

When the Hawaiians are deeply grateful and thankful for things done for them they use the expression "Mahalo Nui Loa"—and don't ask the writer to pronounce it. I found it on my

trip earlier in the year through the Islands and was reminded of it in recent correspondence. It was evident that both the priests and men are deeply grateful for the Holy Name organization on the various Islands.

On the feast of Christ the King, the Annual Holy Name Rally will be held on the Island of Hawaii. As a writer informed me, the men look forward to these annual demonstrations, because they feel that the Society knows the men as no other Society does.

Our Deceased

As all of us know, the month of November is the month of the Holy Souls. Many Societies throughout the country, at sometime during this month, hold a special memorial service such as Mass, a Holy Hour, Benediction or the like for their departed members. This column suggests that all Societies hold a memorial service for those whom we have loved in life. For all our departed Holy Name men—*Requiescant in pace.*

Labor Secretary Mitchell

(Continued from page 8.)

vania, for example, and then labels these areas of acute unemployment "distress" and "special hardship" cities where federal monies are needed urgently. Mr. Mitchell can recommend federal grants but has no authority to issue them.

While watching his own backyard Mitchell is also a strong supporter of the International Labor Organization. "It owes its existence to the *Rerum Novarum*," he explains, "and since Catholic means Universal, we should take active part in the ILO where nations collaborate for industrial peace through social justice."

The ILO is a potent weapon against Communism, Mitchell feels, because it strives to reduce poverty, ignorance, hardship and suffering throughout the world by raising the working man's standard of living.

MITCHELL will refuse to "split the difference" in any decision. He considers it an ignorant and insincere attempt to compromise and only leaves bad feeling on both sides. His will be an intelligent and understandable interpretation of the controversial minimum wage controversy, opposition to which comes from garment, canning and lumber industries, with support of the increase coming from the powerful and influential union bloc. The sixty-two million wage earners in America, to whom the Secretary of Labor is morally obligated by act of Congress, would naturally favor a minimum wage increase but Mitchell must decide if the raise, no matter how small, will be unhealthy for business.

Mitchell has already been attacked by union leaders, not personally, but because he is after all a member of a Republican administration, and be it right or wrong unions have always aligned themselves with Democrats. Never a yes man and never a politician the big

and burly Mitchell doesn't intend to begin being one or the other at this stage of the game. He warned politicians that he couldn't be expected to follow any GOP recommendation on the strength of party affiliation, soon after he was sworn in, when he differed and did not back down in disagreement with Eisenhower over a Taft-Hartley amendment.

Calm and persuasive, he can disagree with anyone without being annoying, and most times he leaves an argument without making enemies. He enjoys treating people as human beings regardless of which side of the bargaining table they are on. He could teach good manners for Dale Carnegie if he can't get to teach government, later on, and many a union man or employer will testify that Mitchell has never been known to lose control of his temper.

The Secretary, born and raised in Elizabeth, has always been known for his unassuming attitude and even though he skipped two grades in St. Patrick's School, the only outstanding point he made was in being the smallest boy in the graduating class. Neighbors of the Mitchell clan remember him as being as much of a cowboy and Indian as the next boy, but it was in Battin High School that he developed the reading habit which leaned him to search for knowledge.

His father, Peter, and mother, Anna Driscoll Mitchell, encouraged his college plans, although they were of moderate means with the relatively small income that an editor of a funeral director's trade journal could bring. After graduating from high school young Mitchell applied for admission to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis for a free college education, but before he could be accepted he was stricken with chicken pox, which at that time, more than 35 years ago, was an almost deadly malady.

College plans were shelved after recovery and after medical bills had mounted. He was asked to help support the family so he became a grocery clerk for \$15 a week. A year later he was made manager and two years after that

he went into business for himself at the age of 20. But the World War I boom was just over and the small businessman was first to feel it. Jimmy Mitchell, 23 years old, went broke. He had borrowed money to open his second store and debts piled high.

"I'm going to pay back every cent," Mitchell vowed in those dark days. He went to work as a truck driver, checker, salesman and clerk, and though it took 18 years of small payments he paid back every cent even while carrying on the burden of being family breadwinner.

Shortly after his marriage to Isabelle Nulton, young Mitchell began to see some happier days.

THERE are few sidelines for Mitchell in his present life. He is a member of a closely-knit family which includes his mother, his wife and their adopted daughter, Elizabeth, now 13 years old. The group spends as much time together as possible, usually a day each weekend.

The Mitchell clan has a home in Hillside, New Jersey, near Elizabeth, and a summer residence in Spring Lake, New Jersey. During school vacations Elizabeth stays with her parents and the Mitchells fly home on weekends to be with her.

The Secretary's life is a typically American success story but prayer has played a tremendous part in it. Mitchell believes in talk as far as labor-management problems go, but when it comes to Catholicism the Secretary of Labor insists that actions speak louder than words. He believes people should live as Catholics rather than talk about how good they are.

A short time ago he told some of his admirers that he is not "a great Catholic." His blue eyes lit up behind the tortoise-shell glasses. "I am not a great Catholic; I fulfill the obligations of my Church just like anyone else does, and that does not make me better than anyone else."

He stretched to his full height, tucked in his double chin and added good naturedly, "I am a big Catholic, yes, a little over six feet and 200 pounds, but not 'great'."

SIX YEARS AFTERWARD

(Continued from page 6.)

heavier now, he is well treated, don't forget!"

It is unlikely that many Catholics will forget, even though the Soviets undoubtedly will open a propaganda campaign this year insisting that religious freedom flourishes behind the Iron Curtain.

"I have often sat before the *Acts of the Martyrs* with tears in my eyes," wrote Adam Moehler, the historian, "sympathizing with them in their sufferings, marveling at their deeds, moved to the depths of my soul by their heroism. If we can ever be so ungrateful as to forget the Martyrs, we deserve to be forgotten by Christ the Savior."

this destructive work.

"In this day of joy and exultation God knows how we should like to be able to forget the bitterness of the times we are passing through. But the perils that bear on the human race are such that we can never cease to call on the world to be awake to them."

Still, the Pope revealed in the special prayer that he composed to the Virgin for the Marian Year that there is no fault that cannot be blotted out in God's eyes by sincere repentance and a desire by the Kremlin for real peace.

Bend tenderly over our aching wounds. Convert the wicked, dry the tears of the afflicted and oppressed, comfort the poor and humble, quench the hatreds, sweeten harshness, safeguard the flower of purity of youth, protect the Holy Church, make all men feel the attraction of Christian goodness . . . may they recognize that they are brothers and that nations are one family on which may shine forth the sun of universal and sincere peace.

What rejoicing would be felt by Catholics throughout the world if Josef Cardinal Mindszenty were to be freed!

CANADA'S NATIONAL MARIAN SHRINE

(Continued from page 10.)

WORDS that the Communists would like to forget were written by the Martyr, Cardinal Mindszenty, in his Budapest jail a day or two after his arrest.

He said, "I have been Hungary's Prince Primate since 1945. I have never taken part in any conspiracy, all accusations against me are groundless, I have no feeling of guilt. I have never made a secret of the fact that I favor legitimism (monarchism), but I have respected the laws and have never acted to overthrow the Republic. I served with all my actions my God, my religion, my Church, my country, my nation. I am from a poor peasant family and I am a child of the people.

"As the highest Church official of my country, I have been in contact with Rome, naturally, and with the Church leaders of the Western countries, including Cardinal Spellman. I deny that I used these connections in any way whatever against the interests of my country."

His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, speaking on the night of the day he inaugurated this Marian Year, stressed the importance of not forgetting Martyrs like the Cardinal.

In speaking of the Kremlin's persecution, Pope Pius said, "They are miserable men who serve as instruments for

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

Our Lady of the Cape invites us to visit her Shrine at Cap-de-la Madeleine. Upon entering the beautiful landscaped grounds, we direct our steps toward the smaller of the two adjacent stone churches. It is the Shrine of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. Over its main altar, is the miraculous statue which once opened its eyes. Stacked against the wall are crutches and orthopedic devices bearing witness to miraculous cures wrought through Our Lady's intercession. In a small chapel to the left is the statue of St. Joseph, Patron of Canada.

Upon leaving this small hallowed Shrine, we approach the majestic Rosary Group, a gift of the "Children of Mary" of Saint Sauveur Parish, Quebec. Facing on the river is a long glass-enclosed open air chapel where more than a thousand can attend Mass. Along shady paths are fifteen life sized statues of the mysteries of the Rosary. These lead us to the Rosary Bridge across the Favrel River. It was built in 1929 to commemorate the Ice Bridge of 1879. Rosary chains are suspended from the pillars crossing the bridge. On the opposite bank are the Stations of the Cross, the fourteenth and last station being the Grotto of the Pieta. Nearby, to the left, is an exact reproduc-

tion of Our Lord's Tomb in Jerusalem. Walking back, we pause at the little Lake Saint-Marie with its madonna-surmounted Rock of the Virgin in the center of the lake. Curative waters from a natural spring flow out of the crevices of the rock. Several religious communities have houses or monasteries at Cap-de-la Madeleine. The guardian Oblate Fathers' Monastery has been moved to prepare the site for a basilica which one day will mirror its lofty cross-surmounted spire on the waters of the majestic St. Lawrence and on the lovely Lake Sainte-Marie.

Before leaving this Canadian National Marian Shrine, we stop again at the Chapel of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. Kneeling before the miraculous statue of Our Lady, whose diadem symbolizes her dominion over our hearts, on whose breast rests a heart of gold, an emblem of her Immaculate Heart, and in whose hands are the beads of the Rosary, we join our Canadian neighbors in saying the Rosary. With them we pray to Our Blessed Mother, in the words of her novena prayer: "Our Lady of the Cape, may we love Thee more and more, so that one day, united with Thee in heaven, we may eternally praise Thy Divine Son."